

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. I.

## QUEEN ZIXI OF IX;

OR, THE STORY OF THE MAGIC CLOAK.

BY L. FRANK BAUM,  
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE WEAVING OF THE MAGIC CLOAK.

THE fairies assembled one moonlit night in a pretty clearing of the ancient forest of Burzee.

The clearing was in the form of a circle, and all around stood giant oak and fir trees, while in the center the grass grew green and soft as velvet. If any mortal had ever penetrated so far into the great forest, and could have looked upon the fairy circle by daylight, he might perhaps have seen a tiny path worn in the grass by the feet of the dancing elves. For here, during the full of the moon, the famous fairy band, ruled by good Queen Lulea, loved to dance and make merry while the silvery rays flooded the clearing and caused their gauzy wings to sparkle with every color of the rainbow.

On this especial night, however, they were not dancing. For the queen had seated herself upon a little green mound, and while her band clustered about her she began to address the fairies in a tone of discontent.

"I am tired of dancing, my dears," said she. "Every evening since the moon grew big and round we have come here to frisk about and laugh and disport ourselves; and although those are good things to keep the heart light, one may grow weary even of merry-making. So I ask you to suggest some new

way to divert both me and yourselves during this night."

"That is a hard task," answered one pretty sprite, opening and folding her wings slowly—as a lady toys with her fan. "We have lived through so many ages that we long ago exhausted everything that might be considered a novelty, and of all our recreations nothing gives us such continued pleasure as dancing."

"But I do not care to dance to-night!" replied Lulea, with a little frown.

"We might create something, by virtue of our fairy powers," suggested one who reclined at the feet of the queen.

"Ah, that is just the idea!" exclaimed the dainty Lulea, with brightening countenance. "Let us create something. But what?"

"I have heard," remarked another member of the band, "of a thinking-cap having been made by some fairies in America. And whatever mortal wore this thinking-cap was able to conceive the most noble and beautiful thoughts."

"That was indeed a worthy creation," cried the little queen. "What became of the cap?"

"The man who received it was so afraid some one else would get it and be able to think the same exquisite thoughts as himself that he hid it safely away—so safely that he himself never could think afterward where he had placed it."

"How unfortunate! But we must not make

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"SUPPOSE WE WEAVE A MAGIC CLOAK."

another thinking-cap, lest it meet a like fate. Cannot you suggest something else?"

"I have heard," said another, "of certain fairies who created a pair of enchanted boots, which would always carry their mortal wearer away from danger—and never into it."

"What a great boon to those blundering mortals!" cried the queen. "And whatever became of the boots?"

"They came at last into the possession of a great general who did not know their powers. So he wore them into battle one day, and immediately ran away, followed by all his men, and the fight was won by the enemy."

"But did not the general escape danger?"

"Yes—at the expense of his reputation. So he retired to a farm and wore out the boots tramping up and down a country road and

trying to decide why he had suddenly become such a coward."

"The boots were worn by the wrong man, surely," said the queen; "and that is why they proved a curse rather than a blessing. But we want no enchanted boots. Think of something else."

"Suppose we weave a magic cloak," proposed Espa, a sweet little fairy who had not before spoken.

"A cloak? Indeed, we might easily weave that," returned the queen. "But what sort of magic powers must it possess?"

"Let its wearer have any wish instantly fulfilled," said Espa, brightly.

But at this there arose quite a murmur of protest on all sides, which the queen immediately silenced with a wave of her royal hand.



" 'YES, YOUR MAJESTY, I AM LATE.' " (SEE PAGE 5.)

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"Our sister did not think of the probable consequences of what she suggested," declared Lulea, smiling into the downcast face of little Espa, who seemed to feel rebuked by the disapproval of the others. "An instant's reflection would enable her to see that such power would give the cloak's mortal wearer as many privileges as we ourselves possess. And I suppose you intended the magic cloak for a mortal wearer?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Espa, shyly; "that was my intention."

"But the idea is good, nevertheless," continued the queen, "and I propose we devote this evening to weaving the magic cloak. Only, its magic shall give to its wearer the fulfilment of but one wish; and I am quite sure that even that should prove a great boon to the helpless mortals."

"Suppose more than one person wears the cloak," one of the band said; "which then shall have the one wish fulfilled?"

The queen devoted a moment to thought, and then replied:

"Each possessor of the magic cloak may have one wish granted, provided the cloak is not stolen from its last wearer. In that case the magic power will not be exercised on behalf of the thief."

"But should there not be a limit to the number of the cloak's wearers?" asked the fairy lying at the queen's feet.

"I think not. If used properly our gift will prove of great value to mortals. And if we find it is misused we can at any time take back the cloak and revoke its magic power. So now, if we are all agreed upon this novel amusement, let us set to work."

At these words the fairies sprang up eagerly; and their queen, smiling upon them, waved her wand toward the center of the clearing. At once a beautiful fairy loom appeared in the space. It was not such a loom as mortals use. It consisted of a large and a small ring of gold,

supported by a tall pole of jasper. The entire band danced around it thrice, the fairies carrying in each hand a silver shuttle wound with glossy filaments finer than the finest silk. And the threads on each shuttle appeared a different hue from those of all the other shuttles.

At a sign from the queen they one and all approached the golden loom and fastened an end of thread in its warp. Next moment they were gleefully dancing hither and thither, while the silver shuttles flew swiftly from hand to hand and the gossamer-like web began to grow upon the loom.

Presently the queen herself took part in the sport, and the thread she wove into the fabric was the magical one which was destined to give the cloak its wondrous power.

Long and swiftly the fairy band worked



"GIVE IT TO THE FIRST UNHAPPY PERSON YOU MEET," SAID THE MAN IN THE MOON. (SEE PAGE 6.)



beneath the old moon's rays, while their feet tripped gracefully over the grass and their joyous laughter tinkled like silver bells and awoke the echoes of the grim forest surrounding them. And at last they paused and threw themselves upon the green with little sighs of content. For the shuttles and loom had vanished; the work was complete; and Queen Lulea stood upon the mound holding in her hand the magic cloak.

The garment was as beautiful as it was marvelous—each and every hue of the rainbow glinted and sparkled from the soft folds; and while it was light in weight as swan's-down, its strength was so great that the fabric was well-nigh indestructible.

The fairy band regarded it with great satisfaction, for every one had assisted in its manufacture and could admire with pardonable pride its glossy folds.

"It is very lovely, indeed!" cried little Espa. "But to whom shall we present it?"

The question aroused a dozen suggestions, each fairy seeming to favor a different mortal. Every member of this band, as you doubtless know, was the unseen guardian of some man or woman or child in the great world beyond the forest, and it was but natural that each should wish her own ward to have the magic cloak.

While they thus disputed, another fairy joined them and pressed to the side of the queen.

"Welcome, Ereol," said Lulea. "You are late."

The new-comer was very lovely in appearance, and with her fluffy golden hair and clear blue eyes was marvelously fair to look upon. In a low, grave voice she answered the queen:

"Yes, your Majesty, I am late. But I could not help it. The old King of Noland, whose guardian I have been since his birth, has passed away this evening, and I could not bear to leave him until the end came."

"So the old king is dead at last!" said the queen, thoughtfully. "He was a good man, but woefully uninteresting; and he must have wearied you greatly at times, my sweet Ereol."

"All mortals are, I think, wearisome," returned the fairy, with a sigh.

"And who is the new King of Noland?" asked Lulea.

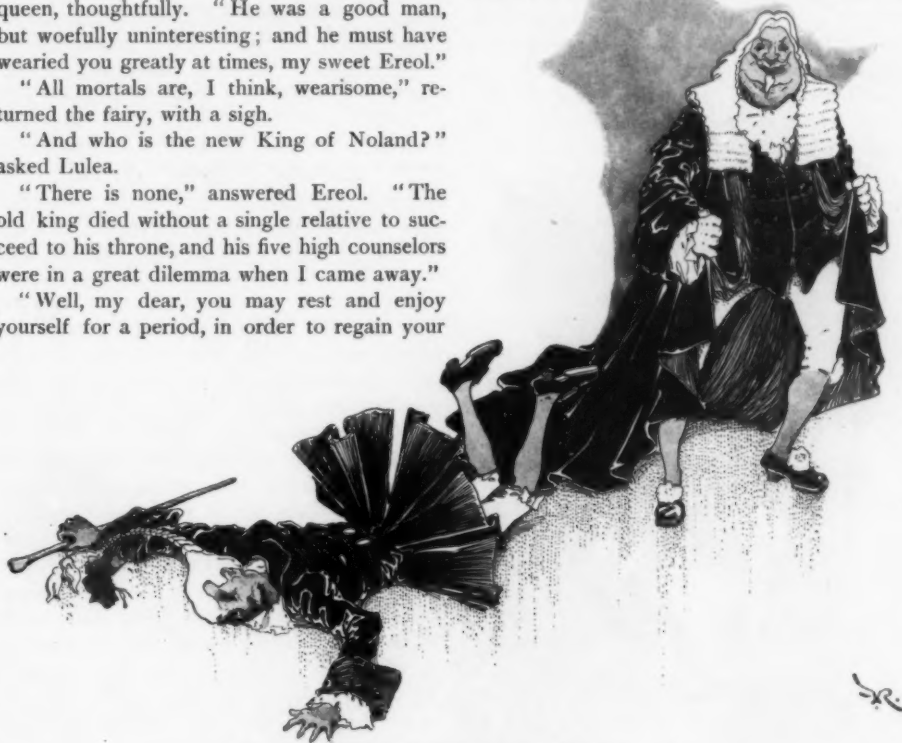
"There is none," answered Ereol. "The old king died without a single relative to succeed to his throne, and his five high counselors were in a great dilemma when I came away."

"Well, my dear, you may rest and enjoy yourself for a period, in order to regain your

Then again arose the good-natured dispute as to which mortal in all the world should possess the magic cloak. Finally the queen, laughing at the arguments of her band, said to them:

"Come! Let us leave the decision to the Man in the Moon. He has been watching us with a great deal of amusement, and once, I am sure, I caught him winking at us in quite a roguish way."

At this every head was turned toward the moon; and then a man's face, full-bearded and wrinkled, but with a jolly look upon the



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" ASKED TOLLYDOB. (SEE PAGE 7.)

old lightsome spirits. By and by I will appoint you guardian to some newly born babe, that your duties may be less arduous. But I am sorry you were not with us to-night, for we have had rare sport. See! we have woven a magic cloak."

Ereol examined the garment with pleasure.

"And who is to wear it?" she asked.

rough features, appeared sharply defined upon the moon's broad surface.

"So I'm to decide another dispute, eh?" said he, in a clear voice. "Well, my dears, what is it this time?"

"We wish you to say what mortal shall wear the magic cloak which I and the ladies of my court have woven," replied Queen Lulea.

"Give it to the first unhappy person you meet," said the Man in the Moon. "The happy mortals have no need of magic cloaks." And with this advice the friendly face of the Man in the Moon faded away until only the outlines remained visible against the silver disk.

The queen clapped her hands delightedly.

"Our Man in the Moon is very wise," she

and the clearing wherein they had danced and woven the magic cloak lay shrouded in deepest gloom.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BOOK OF LAWS.

ON this same night great confusion and excitement prevailed among the five high counselors of the kingdom of Noland. The old king was dead and there was none to succeed him as ruler of the country. He had outlived every one of his relatives, and since the crown had been in this one family for generations, it puzzled the high counselors to decide upon a fitting successor.

These five high counselors were very important men. It was said that they ruled the kingdom while the king ruled them; which made it quite easy for the king and rather difficult for the people. The chief counselor was named Tullydub. He was old and very pompous, and had a great respect for the laws of the land. The next in rank was Tollydob, the lord high general of the king's army. The third was Tillydib, the lord high purse-bearer. The fourth was Tallydab, the lord high steward. And the fifth and last of the high counselors was Tellydeb, the lord high executioner.

These five had been careful not to tell the people when the old king had become ill, for they feared being annoyed by many foolish questions. They sat in a big room next the bed-chamber of the king, in the royal palace of Nole,—which is the capital city of Noland,—and kept every one out except the king's physician, who was half blind and wholly dumb and could not gossip with outsiders had he wanted to. And while the high counselors sat and waited for the king to recover or die, as he might choose, Jikki waited upon them and brought them their meals.

Jikki was the king's valet and principal servant. He was as old as any of the five high counselors; but they were all fat, whereas Jikki was wonderfully lean and thin; and the counselors were solemn and dignified, whereas Jikki was terribly nervous and very talkative.

"Beg pardon, my masters," he would say every five minutes, "but do you think his Majesty will get well?" And then, before any



declared; "and we shall follow his suggestion. Go, Ereol, since you are free for a time, and carry the magic cloak to Noland. And the first person you meet who is really unhappy, be it man, woman, or child, shall receive from you the cloak as a gift from our fairy band."

Ereol bowed, and folded the cloak over her arm.

"Come, my children," continued Lulea; "the moon is hiding behind the tree-tops, and it is time for us to depart."

A moment later the fairies had disappeared,

of the high counselors could collect themselves to answer, he continued: "Beg pardon, but do you think his Majesty will die?" And the next moment he would say: "Beg pardon, but do you think his Majesty is any better or any worse?"

And all this was so annoying to the high counselors that several times one of them took up some object in the room with the intention of hurling it at Jikki's head; but before he could throw it the old servant had nervously turned away and left the room.

Tellydeb, the lord high executioner, would often sigh: "I wish there were some law that would permit me to chop off Jikki's head." But then Tullydub, the chief counselor, would say gloomily: "There is no law but the king's will, and he insists that Jikki be allowed to live."

So they were forced to bear with Jikki as best they could; but after the king breathed his last breath the old servant became more nervous and annoying than ever.

"Where are you going?" asked Tollydob.

"To toll the bell for the king's death," answered Jikki.

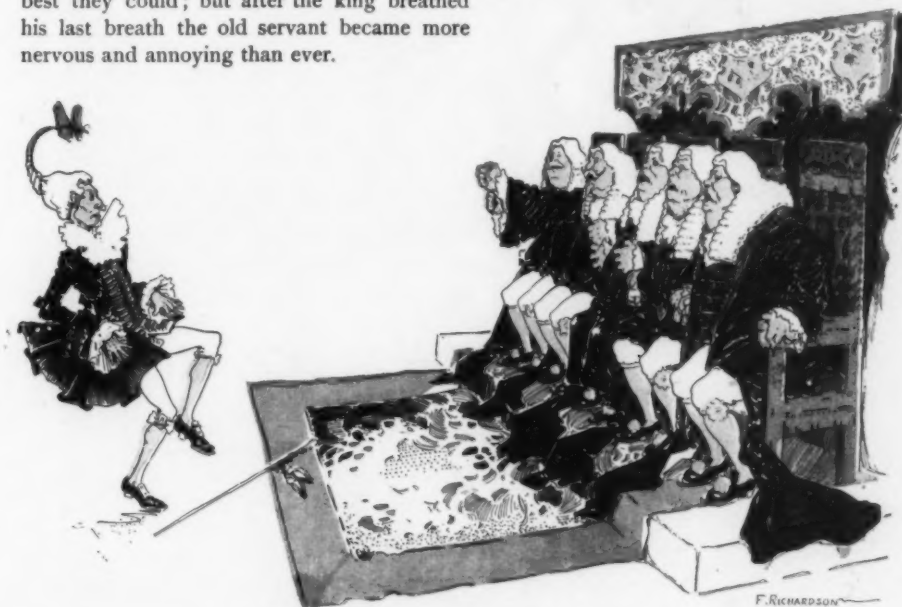
"Well, remain here until we give you permission to go," commanded the lord high general.

"But the bell ought to be tolled!" said Jikki.

"Be silent!" growled the lord high purse-bearer. "We know what ought to be done and what ought not to be done."

But this was not strictly true. In fact, the five high counselors did not know what ought to be done under these strange circumstances.

If they told the people the king was dead, and did not immediately appoint his successor, then the whole population would lose faith in them and fall to fighting and quarreling among themselves as to who should become king; and that would never in the world do.



"NO!" THEY ALL SHOUTED IN A BREATH." (SEE PAGE 8.)

Hearing that the king was dead, Jikki made a rush for the door of the bell-tower, but tripped over the foot of Tollydob and fell upon the marble floor so violently that his bones rattled, and he picked himself up half dazed by the fall.

No; it was evident that a new king must be chosen before they told the people that the old king was dead.

But whom should they choose for the new king? That was the important question.

While they talked of these matters, the ever-active Jikki kept rushing in and saying:



"SO THE CHIEF COUNSELOR BROUGHT THE BOOK."

"Had n't I better toll the bell?"

"No!" they would shout in a chorus; and then Jikki would rush out again.

So they sat and thought and counseled together during the whole long night, and by

morning they were no nearer a solution of the problem than before.

At daybreak Jikki stuck his head into the room and said:

"Had n't I better—"

"No!" they all shouted in a breath.

"Very well," returned Jikki; "I was only going to ask if I had n't better get you some breakfast."

"Yes!" they cried, again in one breath.

"And shall I toll the bell?"

"No!" they screamed; and the lord high steward threw an inkstand that hit the door several seconds after Jikki had closed it and disappeared.

While they were at breakfast they again discussed their future action in the choice of a king; and finally the chief counselor had a thought that caused him to start so suddenly that he nearly choked.

"The book!" he gasped, staring at his brother counselors in a rather wild manner.

"What book?" asked the lord high general.

"The book of laws," answered the chief counselor.

"I never knew there was such a thing," remarked the lord high executioner, looking puzzled. "I always thought the king's will was the law."

"So it was! So it was when we had a king," answered Tullydub, excitedly. "But this book of laws was written years ago, and was meant to be used when the king was absent, or ill, or asleep."

For a moment there was silence.

"Have you ever read the book?" then asked Tillydib.

"No; but I will fetch it at once, and we shall see if there is not a law to help us out of our difficulty."

So the chief counselor brought the book—a huge old volume that had a musty smell to it and was locked together with a silver padlock. Then the key had to be found, which was no easy task; but finally the great book of laws lay open upon the table, and all the five periwigs of the five fat counselors were bent over it at once.

Long and earnestly they searched the pages, but it was not until after noon that Tullydub



"SUDDENLY PLACING HIS BROAD THUMB ON A PASSAGE, HE SHOUTED: 'I HAVE IT! I HAVE IT!'"



suddenly placed his broad thumb upon a passage and shouted:

"I have it! I have it!"

"What is it? Read it! Read it aloud!" cried the others.

Just then Jikki rushed into the room and asked:

"Shall I toll the bell?"

"No!" they yelled, glaring at him; so Jikki ran out, shaking his head dolefully.

Then Tullydub adjusted his spectacles and leaned over the book, reading aloud the following words:

"In case the king dies, and there is no one to succeed him, the chief counselor of the kingdom shall go at sunrise to the eastward gate of the city of Nole and count the persons who enter through such gate as soon as it is opened by the guards. And the forty-seventh person that so enters, be it man, woman, or child, rich or poor, humble or noble, shall immediately be proclaimed king or queen, as the case may be, and shall rule all the kingdom of Noland forever after, so long as he or she may live. And if any one in all the kingdom of

Nole shall refuse to obey the slightest wish of the new ruler, such person shall at once be put to death. This is the law."

Then all the five high counselors heaved a deep sigh of relief and repeated together the words:

"This is the law."

"But it's a strange law, nevertheless," remarked the lord high purse-bearer. "I wish I knew who will be the forty-seventh person to enter the east gate to-morrow at sunrise."

"We must wait and see," answered the lord high general. "And I will have my army assembled and marshaled at the gateway, that the new ruler of Noland may be welcomed in a truly kingly manner, as well as to keep the people in order when they hear the strange news."

"Beg pardon!" exclaimed Jikki, looking in at the doorway, "but shall I toll the bell?"

"No, you numskull!" retorted Tullydub, angrily. "If the bell is tolled the people will be told, and they must not know that the old king is dead until the forty-seventh person enters the east gateway to-morrow morning!"

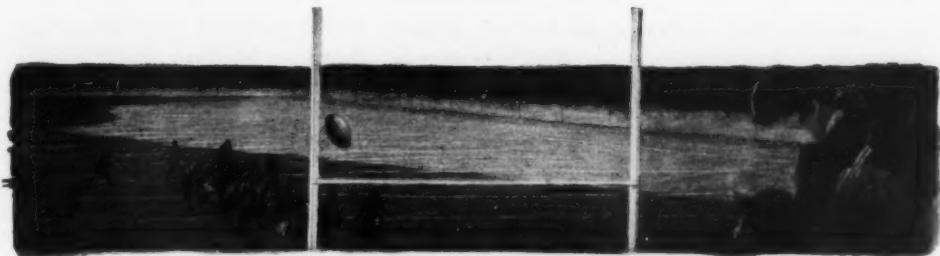
*(To be continued.)*



"I WONDER WHO THE FORTY-SEVENTH PERSON WILL BE!"



THE "BLUE-RIBBON GIRL."



## A GOAL FROM THE FIELD.

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

"3-9-6."

The seven men in the line crouched low; the quarter-back leaned forward, opened his hands suddenly, and snapped the ball to the full-back.

There was a sudden rush straight forward, and a half-dozen players circled in back of the man with the ball. The line of the opposing eleven parted, and the big full-back went through for a good gain.

Out on the side-lines, some of the spectators cheered faintly. Football critics had said that the team-work was poor, and for days the coaches had been drilling the eleven players to move like a machine. It still lacked three days of the big game, and the coaches were satisfied. The team went into play as one man.

"4-2-3."

This time it was an end run. The quarter-back snapped the ball quickly, and was guarding the runner twenty feet away before the scrub eleven discovered which way the play was going.

"First down," said the head coach. He spoke quietly, but there was satisfaction in his tone. Then his manner changed.

"Line up, there! Don't take an hour to get into position! Line up, I say, Elton!"

"Yes, sir," said the little quarter-back. His leg was caught under the body of the burly full-back, but the boy was afraid to tell the coach. He stood a little in awe of the famous man.

They lined up again. The left half-back, who was captain, looked down the field.

"3-6-4," he said.

The signal for a drop kick was nine. The

addition of the first two numbers gave the key to the play.

From force of habit, "Baby" Elton dropped back to kick. The half-backs stood ready to block any opposing players who broke through the line. The ends crept out at either side.

Elton looked down the field, over chalk-line after chalk-line, five yards apart from one another, and the impossibility of kicking a goal at that distance made him speak before he thought.

"It's too far!" he exclaimed hopelessly.

It *was* a long distance; even the captain could not deny that fact. The coach had been developing the kicking side of the game, but even the sturdy leg of Baby Elton did not seem equal to the task now before him. The coach, however, was not prepared for complaint.

"Go on," he said gruffly.

The center snapped the ball, in a long curve, straight into Elton's outstretched hands. The boy caught it just right, and dropped it, point downward, to the ground. Exactly at the right moment he caught it with his toe, and it went sailing, circling from end to end, toward the goal-posts. It fell short, however, by a good ten yards.

"All right," said the coach, evenly; "that's all for to-day. Run in."

The brawny players broke into a trot, and ran through the gate of the athletic field toward the gymnasium. Baby Elton brought up the rear. He was wondering, a little sullenly, what the coach expected of him. He could n't kick a goal the whole length of the field; it

was a waste of time, and the coach had no right to expect impossibilities.

He took his bath and rub-down as quickly as possible, and slipped into his street clothes. He felt hot and uncomfortable. He wanted to get out in the open air.

The head coach was talking to a brawny, pink-cheeked fellow near the door, and beckoned to Elton. The big man looked at him curiously.

"'Chuck' Walters, '92, the best football-player the old college ever had," announced the coach.

Elton shook hands gladly, and the graduate walked from the gymnasium with him. When they came to Elton's room, Walters said carelessly, "I'll come up for a minute or two, if you don't mind?"

The boy took him upstairs, and found him an easy-chair in which to lounge. The man sank back into the cushions with a sigh of relief.

"It's good to get into a college chap's room again," he acknowledged. "Yours reminds me of the one Binner had, back when I was playing the game. Ever hear of Binner?"

Every man in the college had heard of him. Elton asked for more information. Walters talked freely.

"He was the pluckiest punter and drop-kicker that was ever on a team," he declared. "Never hesitated; never offered to quit. Why, once in a critical game they gave the signal for a try for goal when the ball was out beyond the middle of the field." He paused, and looked out the window absently.

"Yes?" said Elton, eagerly. "What did Binner do?" The boy's cheeks were red and the words came fast. He remembered the incident of the afternoon.

"What did he do?" echoed Walters. "What did he do?" The man's eyes were glowing with the recollection. "Why, he stood there, with the whole crowd in the grand stands and bleachers hushed and waiting, as calm and confident as if he had been asked to punt twenty yards. After a bit, he lifted his arms, caught the ball, and drop-kicked a goal as neat as you please. Sixty-two yards,\* it was, too; they

measured it then and there. Ah! Binner was the man. I suppose they have as good players to-day, but it seems to us old chaps as if things were a bit better then."

"Yes, sir," said Elton, humbly.

"But of course they were not," said Walters, with a keen look at the boy. "I've been talking with a few of you fellows, and I've been converted. There is n't a quitter among you; there is n't one who would n't fight for the old college till he dropped. Not one!" And, with a word of adieu, he was gone.

A half-hour before the game, the head coach gathered the men for a final talk.

"Boys," he said,—he always called them "boys," with a little note of affection and pride,—"boys, you are about to meet the strongest team, with the exception of your own, in the whole country. I've been training you for this game since the season opened. Up in the grand stands and bleachers the people will cheer you, and think that you are doing your best, just as they know they would if they were down on the field. They do not appreciate the fact that this game is only seventy minutes of your three months of work. They do not realize that day after day you have worked till you were ready to drop, till the breath was out of your body, till only your pride and your love of the old college kept you on your feet. You know it, though—you understand; and I want you to prove that all this work, all this training, all this sacrifice, has been worth while. I want you to win!

"I want you to win for my sake and for your own. It's my business to make football-players of you. It's all the work I know, and to have you win the championship game is all the ambition I have. It means a deal to me, boys, a very great deal. I've been working and thinking and planning for a whole year just for these seventy minutes that are before you. And you, who have worked with me, who have been waiting for a chance to play this game, and to feel the ball tucked under your arm and hear thousands cheering you on—you know what it means to you. I want you

\* A goal was kicked from the field at this distance during a game between Wisconsin and Northwestern universities several years ago.

to win, boys, and I shall expect every man to play as he has never played before. I want every man to stick till the final whistle, with

Elton did not feel in the least nervous, and when the team lined up, and the captain said, low but distinctly, "7-2-7," he fell back, caught the ball neatly, and dropped it over the white bar, squarely between the goal-posts.

After a bit the teams stopped the signal practice, and an official flipped a coin high in the air. Elton grinned in delight as his captain won the toss. The other side was to kick off.

They lined up leisurely. Elton found his position before some of the others, and waited, with his heart throbbing queerly. He always felt frightened on the kick-off.

"Are you ready?" asked the official.

"Yes," said a voice from the other side, and a minute later the same answer came from Elton's captain.

Elton saw a heavy man in a soiled pair of moleskins run forward, and heard the thud as the kicker's foot hit the ball. He expected to see it soar far over his head. Instead, it came straight for him.

He crouched with open arms. Almost before the ball reached him, a half-dozen opponents were ready to pounce upon him.

The ball struck his arms and breast fairly, and he clasped it—a moment too late.

It bounded away from him, straight into the arms of an opponent, who was off down the field before Elton could move. Then the boy ran with all the power of his sturdy legs—ran blindly, hopelessly, after the man with the ball. He saw Rogers miss him, and Benny, who played back, clutch wildly at the moleskins.

A great shout from the crowd told him the fellow had scored. The din was terrific. Horns blew and megaphones roared, and college yells rent the air. But Elton heard only one sound, a long "Oh-h-h!" that had come from a thousand throats as he missed the kick-off.

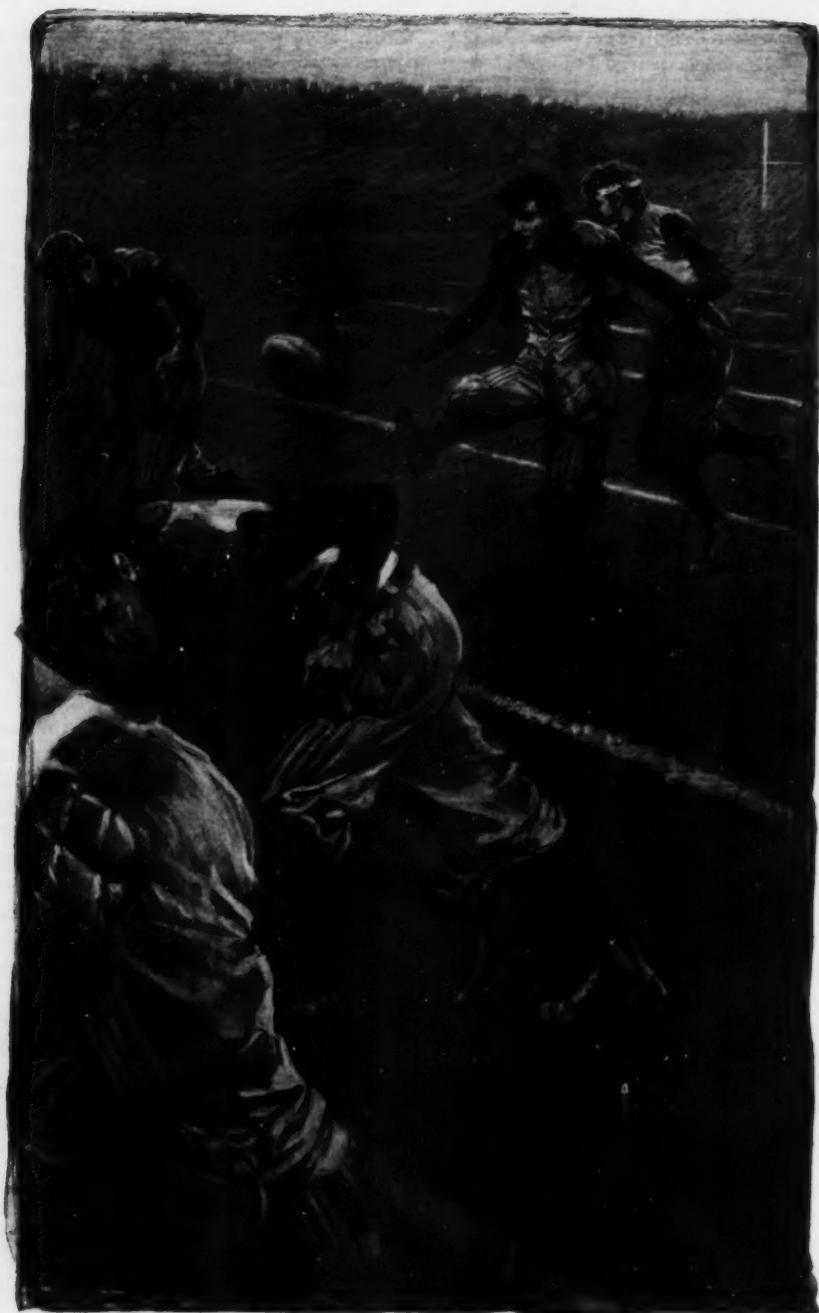


BABY ELTON RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE HEAD COACH.

the determination never to give up, but to keep playing to the very end. That's all."

It was the first experience of this kind for Elton. He felt a strange sensation down where his heart was thumping madly. He looked at the other players curiously. Each one of the big, brawny fellows, padded and guarded to twice his natural size, was looking at the coach with big eyes that were good to see. There was no sentiment, no promises, no tears; but there was determination on every face.

When the team trotted out on the field cut into squares and slices by white chalk-lines, the crowd broke into a thunder of applause.



"ELTON HEARD THE THUD AS THE KICKER'S FOOT HIT THE BALL."

Nobody spoke to him. He saw Pendon looking at him—and the coach, with an expression on his face that cut into Elton's heart like a knife.

The teams lined up again. This time Elton was to kick off. He packed the earth with his hand, and balanced the ball on end. Then he stepped back.

"What's the matter with Elton?" shouted a voice; and the answer came back like a peal of thunder, "He's all right!"

The boy's lip quivered a little, and he wiped the sleeve of his jersey across his eyes. He would prove that he was "all right"; he would show them what he could do.

And he did. People in the grand stands shouted his name again and again. The captain of the other team watched him closely, and sent the most of his plays around the opposite end from the one on which he was playing on defense. Best of all, as he crawled out from a mass of players after a scrimmage, his own captain came close and said under his breath, as if he were half ashamed: "Good boy, Baby!"

But at the end of the first half the score was 6 to 0 in favor of the other team.

Between halves somebody clapped him on the shoulder. It was Walters. "The other day, Baby, I said there were no quitters on the team. You're proving it, old man!"

Every man went into the second half with renewed determination. Slowly, a yard or two at a time, they forced the ball down the field. But on the thirty-yard line the other team held fast.

"Third down; five yards to gain," announced the official.

"4-5-9."

The formation was quick and bewildering to the other team. Elton held out his hands, palms upward, and the ball struck them true and hard. He glanced at the goal-posts, thirty yards away, and, measuring the distance in a flash, caught the ball with his toe just as it struck the ground. It sailed, straight as an arrow, over the white bar.

The din of the crowd was deafening. Hats sailed up into the air; men and women sang and shouted; the varsity yell rang out clear

and loud, and the "tiger" on the end came like the belch of a cannon.

But the game was not yet won, nor the score even tied. The more knowing ones looked at the figures, 6 to 5, and glanced at their watches in apprehension.

Well they might: for the two teams battled grimly as if defeat meant death. Neither gained ground for more than one down. There were no fumbles; every play was well planned and well executed, but the defense of both teams was impregnable.

There were only three minutes to play. The signal came for a punt, and Elton sent the ball sailing—cutting through the air with the corkscrew twist peculiar to good punters—far down the field. The kick was off just in time, for a minute later three brawny men bore him to the ground.

Buried beneath them, Elton caught a sudden roar from the crowd, *his* crowd. He knew it could have but one meaning. At last there had been a fumble, and his team had the ball close to the goal-line; perhaps had even scored.

The minute the heaviest player was off his ankle, Elton sprang to his feet. Down the field, perhaps twenty yards from the goal, the referee was holding the ball.

Elton ran forward. There was a rapidly growing pain in his right ankle that cut like a knife at every step. Suddenly it caught him, and he stumbled and fell. Somebody came running from the side-lines with a pail of water, but he waved the man back. Then, with a mouth tight with excruciating pain, he hobbled forward.

They lined up quickly. There was only a minute to play. Elton told himself that he must stand a moment more, just long enough to pass the ball to some runner, just—

"3-6-4!"

The signal came clear and sharp. Every syllable seemed to shoot through his ankle, tearing cords and tendons. His face was white and drawn.

The crowd was hushed. Men and women were scarcely breathing. As he dropped back to kick, Elton seemed to see a form before him, and to hear a voice saying, with a meaning too clear to mistake, "There is n't a quitter

among you; there is n't one who would n't fight till he dropped for the old college. Not one! Not one!"

He held out his hands, and the ball struck them. The pain was so intense in his ankle that he could not put his weight on that limb. He was standing on one leg, the left. With teeth cutting his lip cruelly, he swung the other with all his might. He heard it strike the ball with a dull thud; then he sank to the ground.

There was a moment of silence so unbroken that the seats on all four sides might have been deserted, instead of filled with thousands of spectators. Then came a roar that fairly shook the ground, and reverberated from the hill to

the west. The ball had missed the post by an inch, and had cleared the bar nicely. The game was won by a score of 10 to 6.

They picked up Elton tenderly, and the trainer bathed his ankle in water. Presently the physician came forward and examined it.

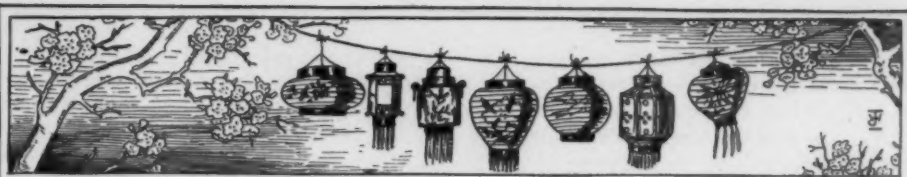
"It is sprained," he said, "badly sprained. You won't play any more football this year, young man."

Then the coach came up and said, "Good work, boy!" and turned quickly away; and Walters grasped his hand and shouted, "I knew it! I knew it!"

The next morning Elton read in the papers how he had smiled while they bandaged his badly swollen ankle.



ELEVEN PROMISING CANDIDATES FOR THE GREAT VARSITY ELEVEN OF 1915. RAH! RAH! RAH!



## THE LITTLE BROTHER OF LOO-LEE LOO

By MARGARET JOHNSON



IN flowery, fair Cathay,  
That kingdom far  
away,  
Where, odd as it seems,  
't is always night  
when here we are  
having day,  
In the time of the  
great Ching-Wang,  
In the city of proud  
Shi-Bang,  
On the glorious golden  
days of old when  
sage and poet  
sang,

There lived a nobleman who  
Was known as the Prince Choo-Choo.  
(It was long before the Chinaman wore his  
beautiful silken queue.)  
A learned prince was he,  
As rich as a prince could be,  
And his house so gay had a grand gateway,  
and a wonderful roof, sky-blue.

His garden was bright with tints  
Of blossoming peach and quince,  
And a million flowers whose like has not  
been seen before or since;  
And set 'mid delicate odors  
Were cute little toy pagodas,  
That looked exactly as if you *might* go in  
for ice-cream sodas!

A silver fountain played  
In a bowl of carven jade,

And pink and white in a crystal pond the  
water-lilies swayed.

But never a flower that grew  
In the garden of Prince Choo-Choo  
Was half so fair as his daughter there, the  
Princess Loo-lee Loo.



LOO-LEE LOO.

Each day she came and sat  
On her queer little bamboo mat.  
(And I hope she carried a doll or two, but I  
can't be sure of that!)  
She watched the fountain toss,  
And she gazed the bridge across,  
And she worked a bit of embroidery fine  
with a thread of silken floss.

She touched her wee guitar,  
The gift of her prince-papa,  
And she hummed a queer little Chinese tune  
with a Chinese tra-la-la!  
It was all that she had to do  
To keep her from feeling blue,



SU-SEE.

For terribly lonely and dull sometimes was  
poor little Loo-lee Loo.

Her father had kites to fly  
Far up in the free blue sky  
(For a Chinaman loves with this elegant  
sport his leisure to occupy);  
And what with his drums and gongs,  
And his numerous loud ding-dongs,  
He could have any day, in a princely way,  
a regular Fourth of July.

Her mother, the fair Su-See,  
Was as busy as she could be,  
Though she never went out, except, per-  
haps, to a neighboring afternoon tea;

She was young herself, as yet,  
And the minutes that she could get  
She spent in studying up the rules of Ele-  
gant Etiquette.

So the princess nibbled her plums,  
And twirled her dear little thumbs,  
And lent sometimes a wistful ear to the  
beating of distant drums;  
Until one April day—  
*Tsing Ming*, as they would say—  
She saw at the gate a sight that straight  
took Loo-lee's breath away.

Two dimples, soft and meek,  
In a brown little baby cheek,  
Two dear little eyes that met her own in a  
ravishing glance oblique;  
A chubby hand thrust through  
The palings of bamboo—  
A little Celestial, dropped, it seemed, straight  
out of the shining blue.



LOO-LEE LOO AND LITTLE FING-WEE.

A playmate, a friend, a toy,  
A live little baby boy—  
Conceive, if you can, in her lonely state, the  
Princess Loo-lee's joy!

How, as fast as her feet could toddle  
(Her shoes were a Chinese model),  
She hurried him in, and almost turned his  
dear little wondering noddle.

"Oh, is it," she bent to say  
In her courteous Chinese way,  
"In my very contemptible garden, dear, your  
illustrious wish to play?"  
And when he nodded his head  
She knew that he would have said,  
"My insignificant feet are proud your honored  
estate to tread!"

Oh, then, but the garden rang  
With laughter and joy—ting, tang!  
There was never a happier spot that day in  
the realm of the great Ching-Wang!  
And oh, but it waned too soon,  
That golden afternoon,  
When the princess played with her Ray of the  
Sun, her darling Beam of the Moon!

For when the shadows crept  
Where the folded lilies slept,  
Out into the garden all at once the prince  
her father stepped,  
With a dignified air benign,  
And a smile on his features fine,  
And a perfectly gorgeous gown of silk em-  
broidered with flower and vine.

A fan in his princely hand,  
Which he waved with a gesture bland  
(Instead of a gentleman's walking-stick it  
was carried, you understand),  
In splendor of girdle and shoe,  
In a glitter of gold and of blue,  
With the fair Su-See at his side came he, the  
lordly Prince Choo-Choo.

The princess bent her brow  
In a truly Celestial bow,  
Saluted her father with filial grace, and made  
him the grand kotow.  
(For every child that's bright  
Knows well the rule that's right,  
That to knock your head on the ground nine  
times is the way to be polite.)

"And, pray, what have we here?"  
In language kind though queer  
The prince observed. "It looks to me like  
a little boy, my dear!"  
"Why, that's what it is!" in glee  
The princess cried. "Fing-Wee—  
Most Perfectly Peerless Prince-Papa, a  
dear little brother for me!"



PRINCE CHOO-CHOO.

Loud laughed the Prince Choo-Choo,  
And I fancy he said "Pooh-pooh!"  
(That sounds very much like a Chinese word,  
and expresses his feelings, too!)  
And the fair Su-See leaned low.  
"My Bud of the Rose, you know  
If little Fing-Wee our son should be, your  
honors to him must go!"

But the princess's eyes were wet,  
For her dear little heart was set  
On having her way till she quite forgot her  
daughterly etiquette.

"Oh, what do I care!" she said.  
 "If he only may stay," she plead,  
 "I will give him the half of my bowl of rice  
 and all of my fish and bread!"

"Dear, dear!" said the Prince Choo-Choo,  
 "Now here is a how-do-you-do!  
 Is there nothing, O Jasmine-Flower, instead?  
 A parasol pink or blue?  
 A beautiful big balloon?"  
 But she wept to the same old tune,

Some thousands of years ago, it appears, the  
 custom was thus begun."

He stopped for a pinch of snuff;  
 His logic was sound, though tough;  
 You may rightfully follow what plan you  
 please, if it's only antique enough!

"A son," he thoughtfully said,  
 "To serve me with rice and bread;  
 To burn the paper above my grave and  
 honor my aged head!



THE TORTOISE TEST.

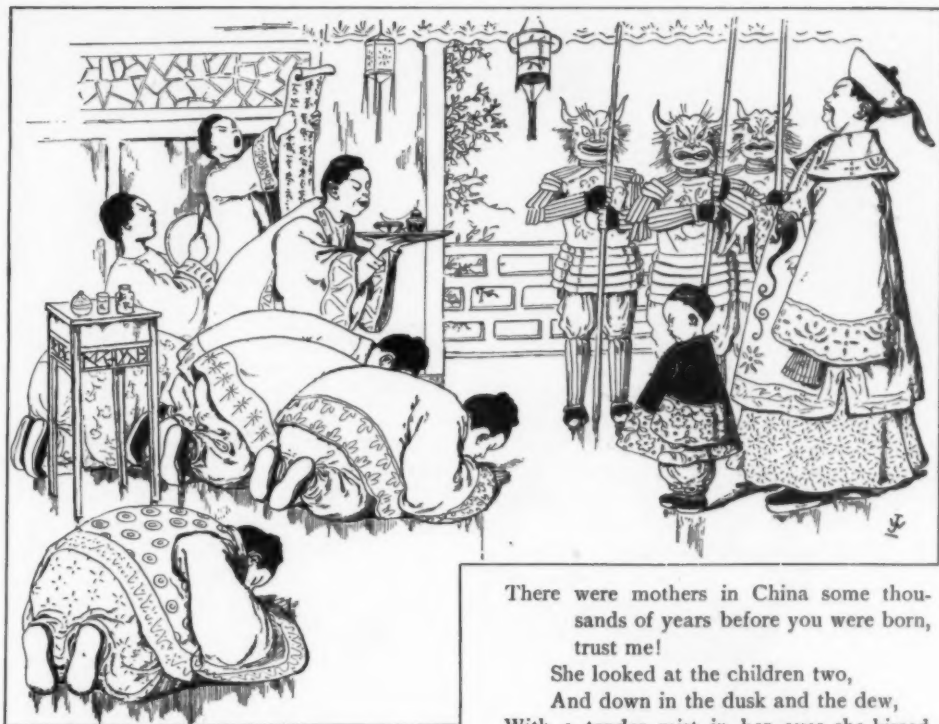
"I'd rather have little Fing-Wee, papa, than  
 anything under the moon!"

Then the prince he called for lights,  
 And he called for the Book of Rites,  
 And all of the classical literature that he  
 loved to read o' nights;  
 And he read till the dawn of day  
 In his very remarkable way,  
 From end to beginning, from bottom to top,  
 as only a Chinaman may.

"My father adopted a son,  
 His father the same had done;

Oh, try me the tortoise sign  
 With a tortoise of ancient line:  
 If he turns his toes straight in as he goes,  
 the boy is certainly mine!"

Oho! but the garden rang  
 On that wonderful night—'ting, tang!  
 When a banquet meet was served the élite  
 of the city of proud Shi-Bang!  
 And all who passed that way  
 Might read in letters gay  
 As long as your arm, "The Prince Choo-  
 Choo adopts a son to-day!"



"AND THE GIFTS THAT WERE BROUGHT FOR THE LITTLE FING-WEЕ WOULD FILL ME A CHAPTER OR TWO."

There was knocking of heads galore;  
 There were trumpets and drums a score;  
 The gay pavilions were lit with millions of  
     lamps from ceiling to floor.  
 And oh, but the chop-sticks flew  
 In the palace of Prince Choo-Choo,  
 And the gifts that were brought for the little  
     Fing-Wee would fill me a chapter or  
     two.

But with never a single toy,  
 The princess cried for joy,  
 Nor cared she a jot that they all forgot  
     it was she who had found the boy!  
 Her dear little heart it sang  
 Like a bird in her breast—ting, tang!  
 There was never a happier child that night  
     in the realm of the great Ching-Wang!

And her mother, the fair Su-See,  
 She looked at the little Fing-Wee—

There were mothers in China some thou-  
 sands of years before you were born,  
 trust me!

She looked at the children two,  
 And down in the dusk and the dew,  
 With a tender mist in her eyes she kissed  
 the Princess Loo-lee Loo!





## THE LAST LITTLE BIRD.

BY ELLA S. SARGENT.

ONCE there was a little bird who would n't sing. Her tree was bare; there was scarcely a seed in the field and no music in her voice.

"Come," called the flocks of birds overhead, "come South with us. We know!"

"No," answered the little bird, tucking her head under her wing; "I know!"

Thumpity-thump, went her little heart: "Those birds *know*!"

"Let's up and away," said the restless wings.

"Keep still!" said the cross little bird.

Then the river and the pond froze up, and there was no water to drink.

Next the snow came and covered the ground, and there was no food to eat.

"Better fly South," fluttered the wings.

"I'm too weak," cried the hungry, sad little bird.

Then the little bird chirped a few faint notes, spread her wings and flew to a near-by town.

There a thoughtful child at a window saw the little bird and spread some crumbs upon the sill.

A big dog in the yard said: "Drink from my pan."

"Let's fly farther," said the wings.

The little bird sang a sweet song to the thoughtful child in the window.

"Good luck!" barked the dog. "Come back in the spring!"

And away flew the little bird—away and away to the South, where all the birds sang: "She comes, she comes!"



## HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

*A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."\**

### INTRODUCTION.

"Having eyes, see ye not?"

THE world is full of beauty which many people hurry past or live in front of and do not see. There is also a world of beauty in pictures, but it escapes the notice of many, because, while they wish to see it, they do not know how.

The first necessity for the proper seeing of a picture is to try to see it through the eyes of the artist who painted it. This is not a usual method. Generally people look only through their own eyes, and like or dislike a picture according as it does or does not suit their particular fancy. These people will tell you: "Oh, I don't know anything about painting, but I know what I like"; which is their way of saying: "If I don't like it right off, I don't care to be bothered to like it at all."

Such an attitude of mind cuts one off from growth and development, for it is as much as to say: "I am very well satisfied with myself and quite indifferent to the experiences and feelings of other men." Yet it is just this feeling and experience of another man which a picture gives us. If you consider a moment you will understand why. The world itself is a vast panorama, and from it the painter selects his subject—not to copy it exactly, since it would be impossible for him to do this, even if he tried. How could he represent, for example, each blade of grass, each leaf upon a tree? So what he does is to represent the subject as he sees it, as it appeals to his sympathy or interest; and if twelve artists painted the same landscape the result would be twelve different pictures, differing according to the way in which each man had been impressed by the scene; in fact, according to his separate point of view or separate way of seeing it, influenced by his individual experience and feeling.

It is most important to realize the part which is played by these two qualities of experience and feeling. Experience, the fullness or the deficiency of it, must affect the work of every one of us, no matter what our occupation may be. And if the work is of the kind which appeals to the feelings of others, as in the case of the preacher, the writer, the actor, the painter, sculptor, architect, or art-craftsman, the musician or even the dancer, then it must be affected equally by the individual's capacity of feeling and by his power of expressing what he feels.

Therefore, since none of us can include in ourselves the whole range of possible experience and feeling, it is through the experience and the feeling of others that we deepen and refine our own. It is this that we should look to pictures to accomplish, which, as you will acknowledge, is a very different thing from off-hand like or dislike. For example, we may not be attracted at first, but we reason with ourselves: "No doubt this picture meant a good deal to the man who painted it; it embodies his experience of the world and his feeling toward the subject. It represents, in fact, a revelation of the man himself, and if it is true that 'the noblest study of mankind is man,' then possibly in the study of this man, as revealed in his work, there may be much that ought to interest me."

I am far from wishing you to suppose that all pictures will repay you for such intimate study. For instance, we may quickly discover that an artist's experience of life is meager, his feeling commonplace and paltry. There are not a few men of this sort in the occupation of art, just as in every other walk of life, and their pictures, so far as we ourselves are concerned, will be disappointing. But among the pictures which have stood the test of time we shall always find that the fruits of the artist's experience and

\* See page 94.

feeling are of a kind which make a lasting appeal to the needs of the human heart and mind, and that this fact is one of the causes of their being held in perpetual honor.

There is also another cause: If only experience and feeling were necessary to make an artist, some of us would be better artists than many who follow the profession of art. But there is another necessity—the power of expressing the experience and feeling. This, by its derivation from the Greek, is the real meaning of the word “art,” the capacity to “fit” a form to an idea. The artist is the “fitter” who gives shape and construction to the visionary fabric of his imagination; and this method of “fitting” is called his “technique.”

So the making of a picture involves two processes: a taking in of the *impression*, and a giving of it out by visible *expression*; a seeing of the subject with the eye and the mind, and a communicating of what has been so seen to the eyes and minds of others; and both these processes are influenced by the experience and feeling of the artist and make their appeal to our own. From this it should be clear that the beauty of a picture depends much less upon its subject than upon the artist's conception and treatment of it. A grand subject will not of itself make a grand picture, while a very homely one, by the way in which it is treated, may be made to impress us profoundly.

The degree of beauty in a picture depends, in fact, upon the artist's feeling for beauty and upon his power to express it; and in order that we may discover how, at successive times and in various countries, different men have conceived of life and have expressed their feeling and experience in pictures, I propose that we shall study this out in a series of comparisons.

Our plan, therefore, will be:

“Look here, upon this picture, and on this”; not to decide offhand which you like the better,—for in some cases perhaps you will not like either, since they were painted in times so remote from ours as to be outside our twentieth-century habit of understanding,—but in order that we may get at the artist's way of seeing in each case. In this way I hope, too, that we may be able to piece together the story of modern

painting; beginning with its re-birth in the thirteenth century, when it emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, and following it through its successive stages in different countries down to our own day.

### I.

GIOVANNI CIMABUE (1240-1302); GIOTTO  
[GIOTTO DI BONDONE] (1276-1337),  
FLORENTINE SCHOOL.

FOR the first comparison I invite you to study the two pictures, shown on pages 26 and 27, of “The Madonna Enthroned.” One was painted by Cimabue, the other by his pupil, Giotto. Both were painted on wooden panels in distemper, that is to say, with colors that have been mixed with some gelatinous medium, such as the white and the yolk of an egg beaten up together, for it was not until the fifteenth century that the use of oil-colors was adopted. The colors used in Giotto's panel are tints of blue and rose and white; in Cimabue's the blues and reds are deep and dusky, the background in each case being golden.

We notice at once a general similarity between these two pictures, not only in choice of subject but in the manner of presentation: the Madonna seated upon a throne; her mantle drawn over her head; her right hand resting on the knee of the infant Saviour, who has two fingers of his right hand raised in the act of blessing; kneeling angels at the foot, and figures in tiers above them; all the heads being surrounded by the nimbus, or circular cloud of light, showing, like a halo, their sacred character.

The reason of this general similarity is that the choice of a subject in painting and the manner of its presentation were fixed by the Christian Church of that time: for long before this thirteenth century the methods of old Greek art had been lost, and the Church had adopted a form of art known as Byzantine. I will try to explain what this means.

Briefly, the cause of the change was this. In old Greece, art and religion were bound together. The gods and goddesses\* in whom they believed were always represented in sculpture and painting as human beings of a higher order; physical perfection was the ideal alike

\* Zeus, Ares, Athene, and the rest—or, as the Romans called them, Jupiter, Mars, Minerva, etc.

of religion and of art. But the Christianity of those earlier times met the ideal of physical perfection with the spiritual doctrine of mortifying the flesh, and the pagan art of old Greece was condemned by the Church. Yet pictures of some sort were needed as an aid to the teachings of religion, and the Church found what it required in the art of Byzantium.

This old Greek city stood where Constantinople now stands, and was the gateway between the Eastern and Western worlds. Now the ideals of the East and West are very different. While the Greek artist carved or painted human or animal forms, striving to give them a perfection of shape in every part that would express his ideal, the artist of the East reached his ideal through the perfection of beautiful lines, of beautiful patterns of form and color. Thus the one art is represented at its best by the sculptures of Phidias on the Parthenon, the other by a decorated porcelain vase.

The arrival, therefore, at Byzantium of this Oriental art, so far removed from the pagan study of the human form, so beautifully decorative, was welcomed by the Church, both for the decorating of the sacred buildings and for the illuminating of the sacred manuscripts; and it was as decorators and illuminators that the Byzantine artists did their finest work. But as the old Greek study of the human figure had been abandoned, the ignorance of the artists regarding the real character of the human form increased; their types of figure became less and less like nature and more and more according to an unnatural figure established by the Church. As "mortifying the flesh" was preached, the figures must be thin and gaunt, their gestures angular, the expression of their emaciated faces one of painful ecstasy. And so, in time, all that was required of or permitted to the painters of those days was to go on reproducing certain chosen subjects in a sort of stencil-like way.

Now, therefore, we can understand why those two pictures of "The Madonna Enthroned," by Cimabue and Giotto, are so similar in arrangement. They both followed the rules prescribed by the Church. Yet the Florentines of Cimabue's day found his picture so superior to anything they had seen before—so much more splendid in color, if not much nearer to the true

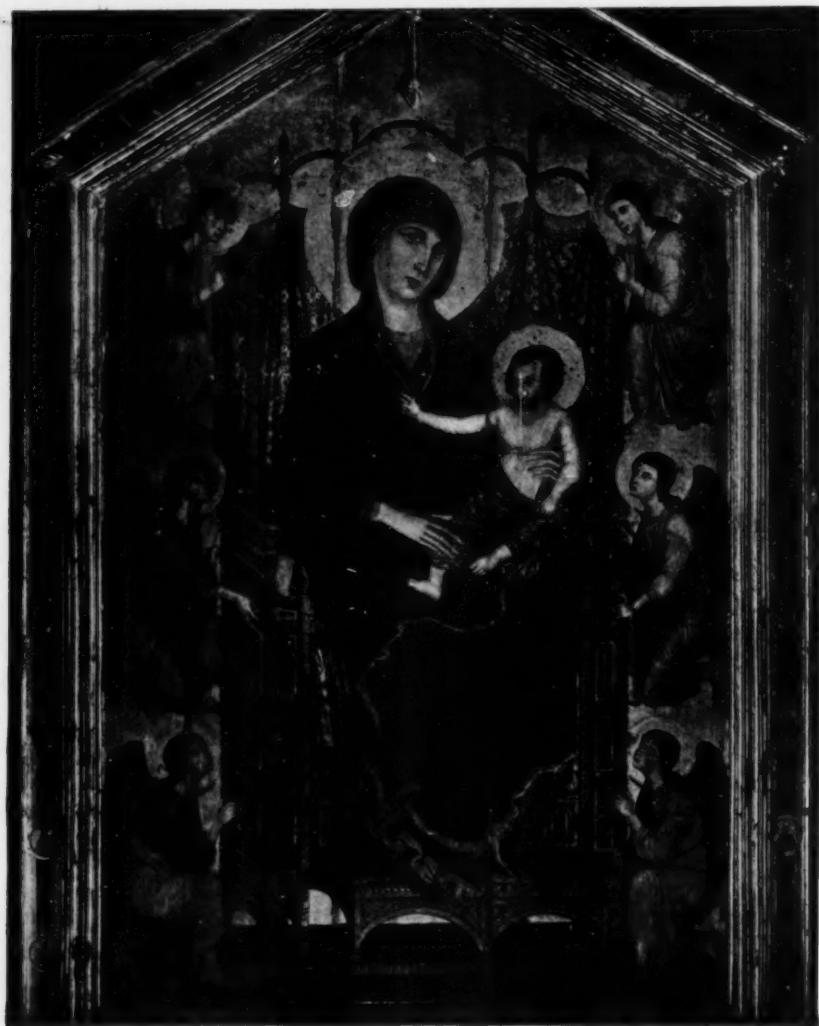
representation of life—that, when it was completed, they carried it in joyous procession from the artist's home, through the streets of Florence, and deposited it with ceremony in the Church of Santa Maria Novella.

Cimabue had chanced upon the boy Giotto as, like David of old, he watched his flock upon the mountain; and he found him drawing the form of one of the goats upon a rock with a sharp piece of slate. The master must have seen some hint of genius in the work, for he straightway asked the boy if he would like to be his pupil, and, having received a glad assent and the father's permission, carried him off to Florence to his *bottega*. This, the artist's studio of that period and for long after, was rather what we should call a workshop, in which the pupils ground and prepared the colors under the master's direction; and it was not until they had thoroughly mastered this branch of the work, a task which in Giotto's time was supposed to occupy about six years, that they were permitted to use the brushes. How often, as he worked in the gloom of the *bottega*, must the shepherd-boy have peeped wistfully at the master standing in the shady garden, before a great glory of crimson drapery and golden background, and wondered if he himself should ever acquire so marvelous a skill!

He was destined to accomplish greater things, for in the free air of the mountain the boy's eager eyes had learned to love and study nature. It was the love of *form* that had set him to try to picture a goat upon the surface of the rock; it was the *actual appearance* of objects that he sought to render when in due time he learned to use the brush.

If you turn again to a comparison of his Madonna with that of Cimabue, you will see what strides he had already made toward natural truth. Observe how the figure of the Virgin is made real to us, notwithstanding that it is covered, as in Cimabue's, with drapery; and that the Holy Child in Cimabue's picture is not nearly so strong and firm and lifelike as Giotto's, though his is enveloped in a garment. Examine also the other figures in Giotto's picture; you will find the same suggestion of a substantial form that could be touched and grasped. Notice further how his feeling for truth has affected his arrange-

ment of the forms. The throne actually has length, breadth, and thickness; so have all the figures, and they rest firmly upon the ground; for example, the figure of the infant Saviour in the two pictures. In Cimabue's the drapery is scored with lines which vaguely hint at folds



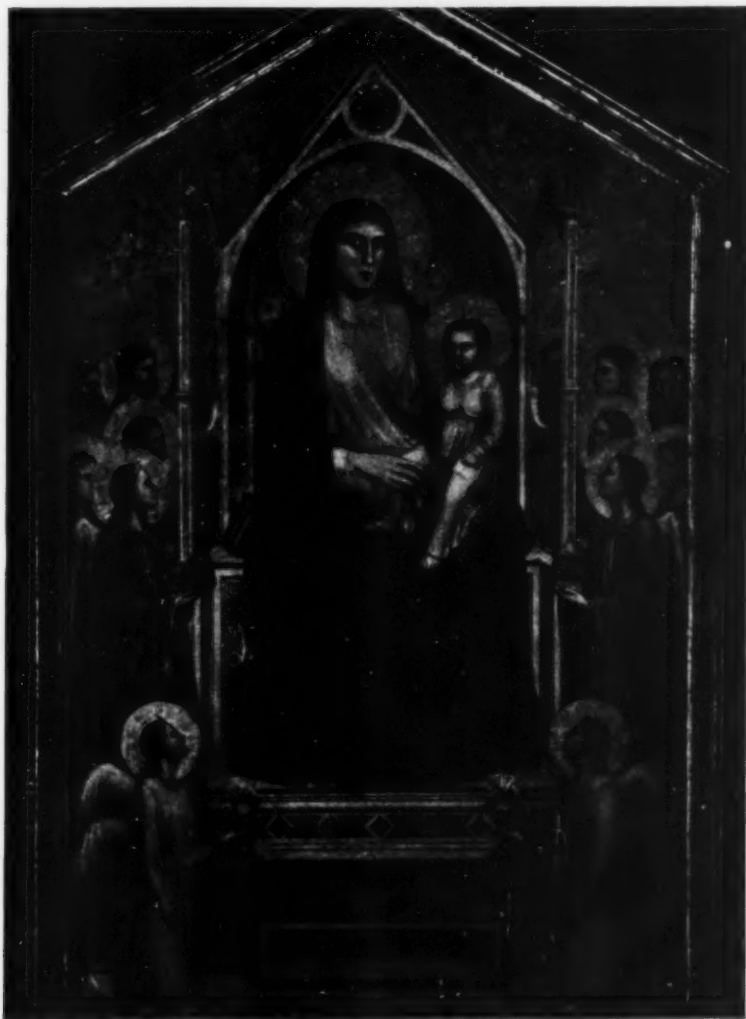
"THE MADONNA ENTHRONED." BY CIMABUE.

ground; the artist has called in the aid of perspective to enforce the reality of his group.

Now how has he accomplished this appearance of reality? By the use of light and shade, and by making his lines express the structure and character of the object. Compare, again,

and obscure the shape of the limbs beneath; but in Giotto's certain parts of the figure are made to project by the use of high lights, and others are correspondingly depressed by shade, while the lines of the drapery serve, as you notice, to indicate the shape of the form beneath.

This use of light and shade by Giotto, while it marks a distinct advance from the flat, pattern-like painting of the Byzantine school, is artist to introduce the faces of living people of his own time into pictures, and the "Paradise" on the walls of the Bargello in Florence con-



"THE MADONNA ENTHRONED." BY GIOTTO.

still very crudely managed, and, as if conscious of the fact, the artist has selected the most simple arrangements of drapery. The picture was painted probably during the years of his apprenticeship to Cimabue, and shows much less freedom and practised skill than the works of Giotto's later years. Giotto was the first

tains the famous portrait of Dante, the great Italian poet, in his early manhood. It had remained covered with whitewash for two hundred years, until once more brought to light in 1840.

All Giotto's paintings were executed in fresco, that is to say, were painted on the plaster before

it was dry, with water-colors mixed in a glutinous medium, so that as the surface hardened the colors became fixed and blended in it. While the technical knowledge displayed in them may seem to you hardly greater than that of a school-boy of our own day, yet they are so simple and unaffected, so earnest in feeling, that they arouse the interest and enthusiasm of the modern student.

In his own day Giotto's fame as a painter was supreme. He had numerous followers, and these "Giotteschi," as they were styled, continued his methods for nearly a hundred years. But, like all the great men of the Florentine school, he was a master of more than one craft. "Forget that they were painters," writes Mr. Berenson, "they remain great sculptors; forget that they were sculptors, and still they remain architects, poets, and even men of science."

The beautiful Campanile, which stands beside the cathedral in Florence, and represents a perfect union of strength and elegance, was designed by Giotto and partly erected in his lifetime. Moreover, the sculptured reliefs which decorate its lower part were all from his designs, though he lived to execute only two of them.

Thus, architect, sculptor, painter, friend of Dante and of other great men of his day, Giotto was the worthy forerunner of that brilliant band of artists which a century later made Florence forever renowned as the birthplace of that great revival, or "new birth" of art, generally called "The Renaissance."

## II.

ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI (1446-1510), FLORENTINE SCHOOL; HANS MEMLING (1430-1494), FLEMISH SCHOOL.

We have seen that the revival of painting began with a study of the appearances of objects, and an attempt to represent them as real to the senses of sight and touch; that the painters learned from the sculptors, who themselves had learned from the remains of antique sculpture, and that the result was a closer truth to nature, in the representation of the human form.

We have now to consider the effect produced upon painting by the revival of the study of Greek, which revealed to Italy of the fifteenth

century a new light. Botticelli represents this new inspiration, and I have coupled with him the Flemish painter, Memling, because these two artists, though they worked apart and under different conditions, had one quality of mind in common. An unaffected simplicity, frank and artless, fresh and tender, like the child-mind or the opening buds of spring flowers, appears in each.

In the year 1396 Manuel Chrysoloras, a Byzantine scholar, was appointed professor of Greek at Florence. From him and from his pupils the knowledge of Greek literature spread rapidly over Italy, accompanied by an extraordinary enthusiasm for Roman and Greek art, and for Greek thought and Greek ideals. Artists of that time soon began to cherish the old Greek devotion to the beauty of the human form; the scholars gave themselves up to admiration of Plato's philosophy. Artists and scholars thronged the court of Duke Lorenzo de' Medici (Lorenzo the Magnificent), patron of arts and letters, and among the brilliant throng none was more highly honored than Sandro Botticelli. His father was in comfortable circumstances, and he had been "instructed in all such things as children are usually taught before they choose a calling." But he refused to give his attention to reading, writing, and accounts, so that his father, despairing of his ever becoming a scholar, apprenticed him to the goldsmith Botticello; whence the name by which the world remembers him. His own family name was Filipepi.

In those days, as we have noted before, men were often masters of more than one craft. One well-known painter was also a goldsmith; another was goldsmith, painter, and sculptor. Botticello's Sandro, a stubborn-featured youth with large, quietly searching eyes and a shock of yellow hair,—he has left a portrait of himself in one of his pictures,—would also fain have been a painter, and to that end was placed with a well-known painter, who was also a monk, Fra Filippo Lippi. Sandro made rapid progress, and loved his master. But his own pictures show that Sandro was a dreamer and a poet.

You will feel this if you refer to the two pictures and compare his "Virgin Enthroned" with Memling's. The latter's is much more realistic. It is true that it does not, as a whole, represent

a real scene, for the Virgin's throne with its embroidered hanging or *dossal*, the canopy or *baldachin* above it, and the richly decorated arch which frames it in are not what you would expect to see set up in a landscape. These are features repeated, with variations, in so many Madonna pictures intended for altarpieces.

But how very real are the two bits of landscape, which are drawn, we may feel sure, from nature: a great man's castle and a water-mill, two widely separated phases of life, suggesting, perhaps, that the Christ came to save rich and poor alike. Then, too, the introduction of the apple may be intended to remind us of the circumstances of the fall of man, which the Saviour came into the world to redress. But Memling was satisfied merely to suggest these things; and then devoted himself to rendering with characteristic truth a little scene of realism. The angel on the left is simply an older child playfully attracting the baby's attention to an apple; the Christ-child is simply a baby, attracted by the colored, shining object, and the pretty scene is watched intently by the other angel. On the Madonna's face, however, is an abstracted expression, as if her thoughts were far away: not in pursuit of any mystical dreams, but following that quiet, happy pathway along which a young mother's thoughts will roam.

So we find in Memling's picture close studies of the way in which the facts present themselves to the eye. This is seen, too, in the landscape, in the carved and embroidered ornament, in the character of the figures, and in the little story which they are enacting. As I have said, the spirit of the picture is realistic.

But turn to Botticelli's. Here the spirit is imaginative or allegorical. He was fond of allegorical subjects. In the present case the subject is religious, but we may doubt if the Bible version of the story was in the artist's mind. He was commissioned to paint a Madonna and Child with attendant angels, and, poet and dreamer that he was, took the familiar theme and made it the basis of a picture from his own imagination. In the figure of the Christ-child there is a grave dignity, a suggestion of authority. The only gesture of infancy is in the left arm and hand, and the mother's face is bowed in timid meekness, and is rather sad in expression.

But beauty of face he does not give to his Madonna; she is meek and timid—oppressed with gentle sadness. In the faces of the angels, the young fair creatures who stand around the throne, what wistful and unsatisfied yearning!

The strain of sadness, indeed, is in all Botticelli's pictures; they have the note of infinite but ineffectual longing. So that, when we understand this, we forget the ugliness of many of his faces, and find in them a spiritual meaning, which we learn to feel is a very touching and beautiful expression of the artist's own mind, of his particular way of looking at the world of his time.

He looked at it as a poet, moved alike by the love of beauty and by the beauty of love; and out of the world's realities he fashioned for himself dreams, and these he pictured. So his pictures, as I have said, are not records of fact, treated with a very pleasing fancifulness and reverence, as in this Madonna of Memling's, but visions, the beauty of which is rather spiritual than material. It is almost as if he tried to paint not only the flower but also its fragrance, and it was the fragrance that to him seemed the more precious quality.

So now, perhaps, we can begin to understand the difference between his technique—that is to say, his manner of setting down in paint what he desired to express—and Memling's. The latter, serene and happy, had all a child's delight in the appearances of things, attracted by them as the infant in his picture is attracted by the apple, and offering them to us with the same winning grace, and certainty that they will please, as the angel in his picture exhibits. So it is the *facts*, clear to the senses of sight and touch, that he presents, with a loving, tender care to make them as plain to us as possible, working out to perfection even the smallest details.

You have examined the beautiful workmanship in the ornamentation of the arch and in the garlands suspended by the charming little baby forms; but have you discovered the tiny figures in the landscape? And with a reading-glass you will see that the castle drawbridge is down, and a lady on horseback is passing over it, following a gentleman who is evidently riding forth to hunt, as a greyhound comes along be-

hind him. From the mill is issuing a man with a sack of flour on his shoulders, which he will set upon the back of the donkey that waits patiently before the door, while a little way along the road stands a dog, all alert and impatient to start. These incidents illustrate Memling's

figures are chosen with the first intention of being decorative.

You will see this at once if you compare the draperies of the angels in the two pictures. Those of Memling's are commonplace compared with the fluttering grace of Botticelli's.



"THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED." BY BOTTICELLI.

fondness for detail, and his delight in the representation of facts as facts.

By comparison, Botticelli is a painter, not of facts, but of ideas, and his pictures are not so much a representation of certain objects as a pattern of forms. Nor is his coloring rich and lifelike, as Memling's is; it is often rather a tinting than actual color. His figures do not attract us by their suggestion of bulk, but as shapes of form, suggesting rather a flat pattern of decoration. Accordingly, the lines which inclose the

But there is more in this flutter of draperies than mere beauty of line: it expresses lively and graceful movement. These angels seem to have alighted like birds, their garments still buoyed up with air and agitated by their speed of flight, each being animated with its individual grace of movement. Compared with the spontaneousness and freedom of these figures, those of Memling look heavy, stock-still, and posed for effect.

Now, therefore, we can appreciate the truth

of the remark that Botticelli, "though one of the worst anatomists, was one of the greatest draftsmen of the Renaissance." As an example, because he gave to "line" not only intrinsic beauty, but also significance — that is to say, his rhythmical and harmonious lines produce



"THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED." BY MEMLING.

ample of false anatomy, you may notice the impossible way in which the Madonna's head is attached to the neck, and other instances of faulty or incorrect form may be found in Botticelli's pictures. Yet, in spite of this, he is recognized as one of the greatest drafts-

an effect upon our imagination corresponding to the sentiment of grave and tender poetry that filled the artist himself.

This power of making every line count, both in significance and beauty, distinguishes the great master draftsmen of all time.

(To be continued.)

## LITTLE X.

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

ALL this tale happened last year, and I have suddenly taken it into my head to write it up—probably for the reason that I ought to be doing my geometry review at this present moment. To begin at the beginning (Miss Noble says that's a very poor beginning, but no matter), it was the first day of October, when the whole school devotes itself to welcoming the new girls. The old girls don't come till the next day, but Miss Brathwaite always asks a few of the old ones to come early so as to help settle the new little ladies. Among this number my cheerful and reassuring self was selected. There were three or four more of our "crowd," too, and in the intervals when we were n't being introduced, or getting room-keys, or discovering trunks, or trotting people to their rooms, we'd swoop down on Miss Noble in her corner, and all talk at once about our summer, provided Miss Noble was n't talking to fond parents herself. Miss Noble is our English teacher, and she's a brick. She wears the prettiest shirt-waists, and I don't believe she's more than twenty-five.

I was just engaged in describing my thrilling escape from a watery grave in the previous July, when Miss Brathwaite summoned me to my ninth introduction of the morning:

"This is Harriet Smalley, Mr. Prentiss; and this is Natalie Prentiss, Harry. Natalie is to room in 320 with Cassandra Ober. The room is unlocked; will you show them the way?"

I saw a fat, stumpy girl of about sixteen. I decided she was sixteen by the way she could n't manage her skirt going upstairs. I mentally deposited her in the younger set—most of the girls in our crowd are eighteen. The curious thing about her was her face. She had the most perfectly expressionless face you ever saw, and it rather bothered you, too, because it looked as if it ought to be pretty, and yet it was n't. I rather liked the papa. The last one I had met was so pompous I

wanted to thump him; but this one was anxious and worried, and he acted as if I were the one being on earth who could cheer him up. Was the room in a good location—plenty of sun? Not too many stairs? We had plenty of time to be out of doors? We had plenty to eat? He hoped Natalie would be well here. We were well here, were n't we? And happy? The life was happy, was n't it? I was really sorry for him, and I did n't think he needed to be so fussed up over the health of such a hearty, sunburnt girl as Natalie. I rattled away, telling him all about the jolly times we had, and that Natalie could n't help enjoying it all just as soon as she got acquainted, and that never took long. But Natalie did n't exhibit the faintest interest in my remarks. She was looking out of the window.

"Do you walk in those woods?" she asked.

"Some of the girls take their required ex that way. I go in for the games myself. Do you play tennis or golf or hockey?"

"No."

"Hockey's fine sport!" I assured her; but she seemed to prefer to gaze at the woods rather than to talk to my humble self, and so after I'd looked up her trunk, which was lettered Los Angeles, and told her about luncheon, I ran off and left them. I wondered what Cass would think of Natalie. I should n't have wished to room with Cass myself, and I'm not fussy.

I suppose it's just the same in all boarding-schools the first six or eight weeks of the fall—the same program of behavior, I mean. You come back with the most exalted notions of being good to the new girls. Miss Brathwaite gives a touching little talk on the subject the first chapel night, and you run right out from chapel and pitch in, and are so sweet to the homesick for the first week that it's positively sickish. At the end of a week you can't stand such angelhood another minute, and so

you drop it and fall into your old ways with your old cronies, and discover how "awfully fond" of one another you are, and what a grand good

same old crowd,—and go bowling off; and, to prolong the metaphorical agony, those of the new girls who have n't the gumption either to hang on somehow to *your* tally-ho, or to club together and make a clique or a tally-ho of their own—why, they just have to foot it by themselves, that's all—and I suppose it *is* lonesome.

Well, by Thanksgiving of last year we were all, new girls and old ones, pretty well shaken down into our proper places. Everybody knew what everybody else was like. New girls who had hated one another the first week were now in a state of intimate intertwinement, or the reverse. Girls we'd thought dull at first turned out to be stars, and *vice versa*. All the clubs had initiated all their new members. In the evenings and Sunday afternoons everybody had been talked over and labeled.

Judy and I were in the midst of such a discussion one night when we suddenly discovered that there was one girl in school that no one knew, or knew anything about. It was that night we first called Natalie Prentiss "Little X," and the name took with everybody. Natalie Prentiss was an unknown quantity. We did n't know anything about her family or her home or her

past. She had n't a friend in school. She sat by herself in the hall or the drawing-room; she walked by herself, and she ate in silence and oblivion, no matter how much fun was going on at the table. Cassandra treated her as Cass always treats her room-mates. She had five year before last. She hugs them to bits the first three days, goes around telling everybody how perfectly charming they are, gazes at them all through the painful separation at meal-time, and at the end of three days turns right around and hates them with a deadly hatred, and they live unhappily ever after. The only difference in Natalie's case was that Cass did not do



"I DECIDED SHE WAS SIXTEEN BY THE WAY SHE COULD N'T MANAGE HER SKIRT GOING UPSTAIRS."

time you're going to have all the year. You stop being Good Samaritans by the roadside, and climb up into your same old tally-ho,—the

the hugging, in the first place—you could n't have hugged Natalie. Cass published about freely what she thought of Little X, but not a



"DON'T YOU THINK TREES ARE MUCH BETTER FRIENDS THAN PEOPLE ARE?"

word about Cass or about any other person or subject ever proceeded from the lips of Little X. Of course we got used to her, only I would often wonder what she really was like, back of that perfectly blank face; and sometimes when we were all sitting around the hall fire after dinner, I'd go over to Little X and try to talk to her—I'm naturally bold, the girls all say, and besides it did seem dreadful for her always to be sitting there all alone. But I had to give it up. Little X always looked as if I was most unwelcome, and I'm not used to being treated that way. The other girls had given her up long ago, and after a while I did, too.

Miss Noble told us that Little X's English compositions were the best in the class, and that we would do well to cultivate her. After that I made a final dying effort, and invited Little X for a walk. Of course I did all the talking, not in the least knowing what I was saying. In the middle of an eloquent discourse on hockey, she interrupted in a dreamy manner, "Don't you think trees are much better friends than people are—so much nicer and more satisfying?" Now that kind of remark—the float-away-in-the-clouds-good-by-earth kind—is what I can't keep up with. I stammered out something to the effect that I preferred people every time, and I never asked Little X to walk again.

There was some talk, I remember, of inviting Little X to join the Lit Society, because Miss Noble said she'd do it credit. We talked the matter over, and then we decided that we simply could n't stand her. We've always been so jolly and free and easy in the Lit Society, and an iceberg in our midst would have been dampening. When we "fessed up" to Miss Noble that we'd voted against Little X, she remarked absently, "You girls are a puzzle to me."

There was another period of discussion when Christmas vacation came around. It has been a point of honor—but never before proclaimed like this—with some of us that no girl should be left to spend Christmas in the school. I once took home five "waifs" and "strays," and Judy, who lives in the same town, took three. Well, Judy and I had the worst time deciding about Little X. She'd have to stay all alone with the Canadian matron if we did n't take her,

for all the other girls from distant parts were provided for. If either Judy or I invited her, we could help each other out; but oh, dear, imagine Little X at a house-party! "She'd be sure to spoil everything!" wailed Judy. "I just can't."

"Neither can I!" I answered, and so Little X and the gentry of British America kept each other company for vacation.

But the climax of my story resulted from that dreadful, dreadful English class, which occurred sometime in January. Miss Noble does n't often make us read our papers aloud—almost never before she's read them herself; but that morning she did. We had written fairy stories in the style of Andersen, and Miss Noble had explained just what she wanted, and showed us just how we could pack in pretty descriptions, or sarcasm, or humor, or pathos. She called for several papers that were n't much good, and then she asked for Judy's, which was the prettiest thing!—about a little merbaby,—and then she asked for mine. I had gone in for the humorous myself, and it was rather good, if I do say so—"The Frog Who Would A-wooing Go." The girls just roared—all but Little X. It was Little X's own turn next. But when Miss Noble called on her, she tried to beg off. "Please, please don't ask me, Miss Noble!"

"Yes, Natalie, if you please," Miss Noble answered in that firm, pleasant manner of hers (as if anybody need ever try to beg off with Miss Noble!).

I shall never forget Little X's face, or her voice, or how Miss Noble pressed her fingers together, or the stillness of the room, or anything else of that dreadful morning. It seemed to me that I could not sit there and listen, and I shot a look at Miss Noble that meant "Do, do stop her!" Miss Noble did open her lips once as if she would make her stop, and then she closed them again. I knew what that meant—she had decided that it would be a good lesson for us. Perhaps it was n't so much what Little X read as the tenseness in her voice that went through me so.

This is the composition that she read—no matter how it came into my possession. It was called

## "THE PRINCESS WHO COULD NOT SPEAK."

"It was a beautiful country where the princess lived, but the little princess was very lonely there, because she never had anybody to play with. I cannot begin to tell you how lonely the princess was. She was so lonely that she thought it would make her sick, and when she found it did n't, she wished it would make her sick. Then she thought it would get better when she was grown up; but it did n't—it got worse. You see, it was all on account of the enchantment: it was because she could not speak. When she was a little girl she had tried to be friends with the little dukes and duchesses of the court. She would hold out her hand and stand and look at them, but they would back away.

"'Why don't you say something?' they would say. 'Why don't you speak?' No, we do not want you in our game. We do not like people who cannot talk. You are so queer!"

"Then the little princess tried to be friends with the pine-trees. There were beautiful pine-trees in her country, but when the princess put her arms around their trunks the pines just went on singing, singing to the sea—and that music was sweet to listen to, but it was lonely music, and it hurt. Presently the princess gave up trying to be friends with any one, and took to sitting on the rocks by herself, and wondering why she was enchanted. It never is very clear to anybody why a princess is enchanted, except that it never seems to be the princess's fault; she's just got to stand it, that's all. So this little princess knew she had to stand it—that she could n't speak, not one single word, though she was just bursting with things to say. She wanted to say 'How beautiful!' when she looked out of her casement and saw the moonlight on the waves, and she wanted to say 'I am sorry' when people were hurt; but most of all she wanted to say 'I love you' to the people who were good and sweet. But she was dumb, and she wondered if things would ever be better; for it all depended on the prince. People did n't like the princess, because she was dumb and queer and different; but the prince must love her in spite of all this, and he must say so, and then the princess would say, 'I love you,' and after that she would be able to speak all the things stored up all her life in her heart. Those were the terms of the enchantment written out in the great parchment books that the princess had read. But would the prince ever come? The loneliness hurt more every day, but would he ever come?"

*Clang-bang!* It was the gong for change of class, and we filed out into the hall, the quietest class I ever beheld. We looked so queer that the girls from the other class-room came crowding around to know what on earth had happened, and we were in no mood for telling just then. But by evening it was different. It was Friday, and Miss Noble made chocolate for us

in her room at nine o'clock—no dress-up occasion, just a kimono-and-slippers function, where each girl provides her own cup and saucer, and afterward washes the same. Of course the whole conversation was about Little X, and what in the world was to be done about it. And, as if things were n't bad enough already, Miss Noble told us something that made me feel meaner than an angleworm in a zoölogy tin pan. She said the reason she had n't told us before was that she thought it would be a great deal better for all concerned if we should be nice to Little X just naturally, and not because we knew all about it; and Miss Noble said that girls are so silly she was afraid we'd think Little X queer—crazy, I mean—if she told us.

She said that Mr. Prentiss had told Miss Brathwaite all about it. Little X had been a very bright, jolly sort of girl until the summer before, when she had had a dreadful attack of typhoid fever. She was a long time getting well—and even now she is n't nearly so strong as she looks, and needs some one to keep looking after her. When she did recover she was different. They did n't discover it at once, and when they did they felt perfectly awful about it—her family, I mean. Little X was just as bright as she had been before, but she was queer and quiet and melancholy, like another person. The doctor advised a complete change, and so her father brought her East to this school where the girls are supposed to be particularly jolly and healthy and happy, and he hoped she'd get right into the life and come to be her own old self once more.

I don't ever want to feel again the way I did when Miss Noble finished her remarks. Judy, however, was argumentative, as usual.

"But, Miss Noble, what can we do? She just won't be friendly. We've tried."

"It will be hard," said Miss Noble.

Just then I felt a sudden stiffening inside. I groaned inwardly, but outwardly I said, "I must go up to the nursery before it's shut up, to get some medicine for my cold." Then I pulled myself up and pushed myself out of the door; you see, I knew I was going to be *it*—that I was going to make Natalie Prentiss talk. I went to the nursery, but that did n't take long. Cass was safe in Miss Noble's room.

I left my medicine in my room, and picked up my red tam-o'-shanter and put it on so that it drooped effectively over one ear. My flowing robe was of royal red. I tossed one corner of it over my shoulder in a stagey and princely manner. There was n't a soul in the corridor. I stood myself in front of the door of 320, and knocked in a loud and cheerful tone—though I was shaking in my slippers all the time. There was a small-sized "Come," and I flung open the door, and scraped the floor with as majestic and sweeping a bow as I could muster.

"I am the prince," I said.

Would you believe it? She hardly moved, but just looked up and stared at me with that

ment is quite, quite over, and you're going to talk and tell me all about it. In fact, you *must*. It's your love or your life, princess, for I've come to stay!" The princess somehow



blank, impersonal gaze of hers, that we all knew so well; and there I stood, like a ninny, with my tam-o'-shanter on one ear and my bath-robe festooned over my shoulder!

I dropped the prince. I sputtered out: "Natalie Prentiss, I never felt so like a perfect idiot in my life! For mercy's sake *laugh*, or I'll never forgive you!" And laugh she did, thank goodness! I plumped down on one knee and repeated: "I am the prince, and I've come to see about that little matter of your not speaking, princess. The enchant-



"I AM THE PRINCE."

contrived to melt down upon my neck from above—I was kneeling by her chair.

"Oh, I love you," she said; "I always have, since the first day. I think you're the dearest girl in school, Harry—prince."

This is the end—abrupt, I know, but that's what ends ought to be, Miss Noble says. It is not really the end, because, as I said at first, all this happened last year, and now it's the fall of another year. Little X has just suggested, by the way, that I begin to attach myself to my geometry.

That's Little X over there in the camp-chair with her feet on the Latin dictionary—looks pretty happy, does n't she? I tell her that she talks me nearly deaf—that if I were looking around for a princess again, I'd never take a silent one.

Yes, Little X is my room-mate, and what more would you have?

# A ROMAN BOY'S BIRTHDAY.



By

Bertha E. Bush.



is doubtful if there was ever a prouder boy than Publius Septimius Antonius Geta on his eleventh birthday, when he drove to the race-course in a gilded chariot with two magnificent black horses all his own. He had reason to be proud, for it is not the lot of many boys to have the march of a victorious army halted, that their birthdays may be celebrated with military games.

The fiery steeds pranced and curveted. The heavy, unsteady chariot, as clumsy as it was magnificent, rocked from side to side. A hundred hands were ready to take the reins should the emperor's young son give the nod; but, though his arms seemed almost pulled from their sockets and his footing shifted with the swaying chariot, he would not give up. Boys were expected to be hardy and fearless in those days. Young Geta had already been two years with his father in the army, sleeping uncomplaining, if need be, on the bare ground, eating anything or nothing, seeing sights which our bravest men could hardly bear. He was a frank and friendly little fellow, whose greatest pride was to endure all the hardships that the Roman soldiers suffered. What wonder that the whole army loved him, and that the emperor, Septimius Severus, preferred him to his sullen older brother, Caracalla!

When the brilliant cortège reached the am-

phitheater where the games were to be held, Geta was placed in the seat of honor at the right hand of the emperor, and a happier face than his never looked down upon an assembled audience. At the left, with a brow as black with anger as Geta's was bright with happiness, sat the older son, Caracalla, whose heart was full of bitterness at this honor paid to his brother.

It was a little provincial town. The amphitheater did not begin to compare with the wonderful Colosseum at Rome. The citizens had made great effort to adorn it suitably for the emperor. The place reserved for his train was hung with the richest draperies the time produced, but it was not as far removed from the seats of the common people as was most fitting to the Roman ideas of etiquette. Caracalla scowled as he took his purple-draped seat; for the mass—the vulgar herd, as he called them contemptuously—were so near that he could have touched them with his hand.

Geta, with shining face, watched every movement of the wrestlers. Caracalla looked idly about with eyes of disdain. At last the climax seemed to have come. The whole amphitheater was silent in breathless interest; even Caracalla began to show some faint sign of attention. One combatant after another had been downed by one stalwart Roman soldier, who now challenged the world. Just at that moment a luckless slave child from a tier of seats above Caracalla's left hand leaned too

far over, lost his balance and fell, and, clutching wildly at emptiness to save himself somehow, struck the emperor's heir full in the face.

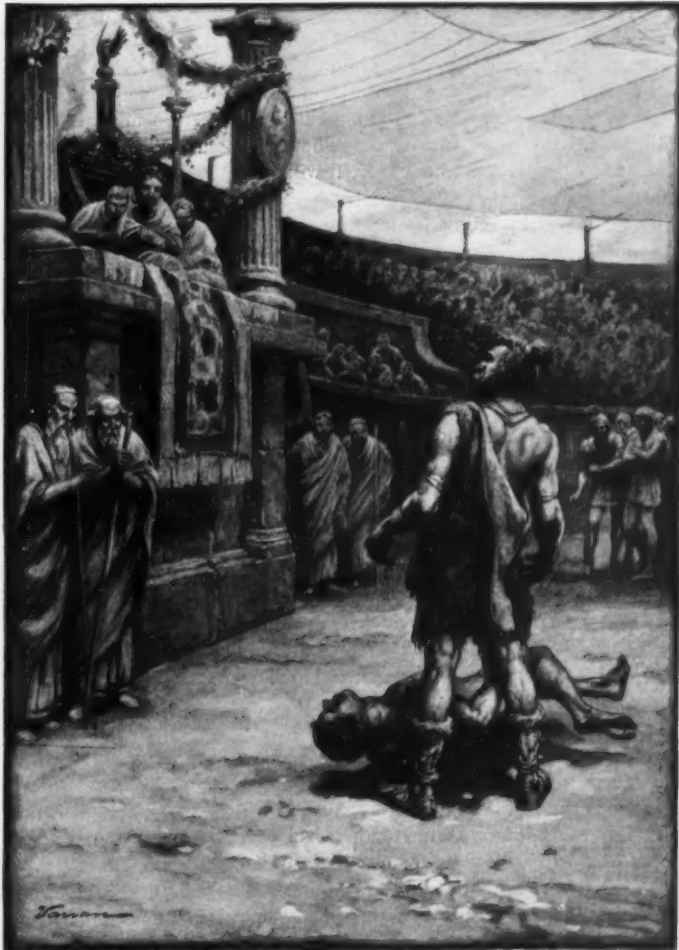
Oh, what an angry Caracalla started up from the purple seat and, with scowls and fierce imprecations, ordered that the unlucky child who had unintentionally insulted him should at once be put to death! Pale and trembling, the little lad was dragged before the emperor and his sons, and the deadly swords of Caracalla's guard of soldiers were drawn from their sheaths.

It was the common punishment for such an offense. The emperor and his sons were sacred. No one touched them unbidden save at penalty of death. But the little lad who had unwittingly offended was so small and innocent! He scarcely comprehended it all, and was more shaken by the fall than by his impending doom, only realizing that some danger was near and every one else was looking upon him in anger. But Geta's face alone was friendly and pitiful. The little slave boy slipped from the soldier's grasp and flung himself down at the feet of the emperor's younger son, clinging to his robe.

It would only have made his punishment more swift if it had been Caracalla's robe he seized, but Geta was made of tenderer as well as braver stuff. Reaching gently down, he caught the little praying hands into his own.

"Father," he said, "this is my birthday. I have a right to a boon. I ask for the life of this boy."

But the stern emperor's face wore no look of consent. The majesty of Rome had been insulted. What did the life of one slave boy



"THE JEERING CROWD SAW HIM MAKE A SLIGHT MOTION, AND THE ROMAN SOLDIER LAY STRETCHED AT HIS FEET." (SEE PAGE 40.)

matter among the millions subject to his sway? To him it seemed unfitting to his dignity that such a crime, even though unintentional, should go unpunished.

"It is impossible, my son," he said. "Ask

it no more. Give up this request and I will order a whole gladiatorial show to please you. But that such an insult to an emperor's son should go unavenged! It is as impossible as that yonder Roman soldier in the arena should be overcome by one of these barbarian Thracians."

But Geta, with the small curly head of the slave child between his knees, looked anxiously to the arena. Any delay was to be welcomed.

"Wait, father; only wait till the games are finished," he begged. "Let the boy stay safe with me till the games are over. Then, if a Roman soldier is still the victor, I will give him up."

The emperor looked at his favorite son. It was hard to deny him. He made a sign to the soldiers who had dragged the child before him, and the swords were sheathed. Once more every eye was fixed upon the arena, and behold! across it came stalking the tallest barbarian that Rome had ever seen, a giant rudely clothed in skins, who besought an opportunity to wrestle with the champion.

"My son," said the emperor,—and though he spoke to Geta his eyes were fixed upon scowling Caracalla,—“art thou ready to risk this cause on the strength of this Thracian giant?”

"Yes, oh, yes," cried Geta; and Caracalla, sure that no Roman soldier could be overcome by a barbarian, muttered a sullen assent.

Once more the trumpet sounded, and the long line of fresh combatants marched across the arena and bowed themselves before the emperor. High above the head and shoulders of the others towered the form of the Thracian giant Maximin, and even when he knelt he was as tall on his knees as the soldiers standing about him.

"I challenge all beholders. Come and wrestle with the power of Rome and learn how she lays her enemies low," cried the champion. One after another advanced and received his

fall, but Maximin stood leaning against a pillar with downcast eyes.

"He is afraid," sneered Caracalla.

Then the herald, at a word from the challenger, advanced and announced that all who feared might withdraw from the contest. Maximin walked carelessly forward to the champion; the jeering crowd saw him make a slight motion, and the Roman soldier lay stretched at his feet. Another and another came forward to revenge the fall of their brother soldiers and in turn met defeat. Seventeen times in quick succession the Thracian giant wrestled with a Roman soldier, and seventeen times was easily victorious.

The life of the child at Geta's feet was saved.

"This giant shall straightway go into my army," said the emperor; and the Thracian left the arena, himself a soldier of Rome.

When the games were over and the emperor and his sons driving away, they saw the barbarian, high over the heads of his companions, leaping and exulting. As soon as he caught sight of them, he ran up to the emperor's chariot.

The horses were not slackened, but for mile after mile the giant ran beside them, and though they galloped at their greatest speed, he lost not an inch.

"Thracian," said the emperor, astonished, "art thou disposed to wrestle after thy race?"

"Most willingly, sir," answered the unwearied Maximin; and thereupon overthrew seven of the strongest soldiers in the army.

"I should not like to wrestle with him," laughed Geta. "Father, thou saidst a Roman soldier was never overcome by a barbarian."

"Hush, my son, hush," cried the emperor. "Is not this giant now a Roman soldier? Can he be overcome?"

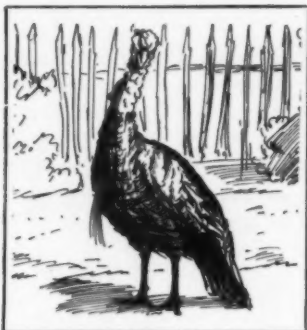
Years afterward, when merry Geta had long been dead, this Thracian giant did overcome the power of Rome and became himself the emperor. But that is a story for which you will have to look in your history.



## THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

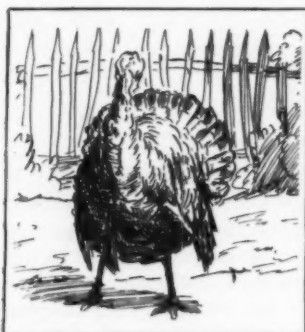
### I.



THE fearlesstest baby you  
ever did see  
Was little Xantippe Zeno-  
bia Lee;  
She calmly stood still,  
without tremor or  
shock,  
When she saw her great-  
grandmother's great  
turkey-cock.



### II.



WHEN to ruffle his feathers  
the turkey began,  
Do you think that Xan-  
tippe Zenobia ran?  
No! She turned up her  
queer little nose, and  
said "Pooh!"  
You need n't to think  
that I 'm frightened  
of you!"



### III.



THE turkey swelled bigger;  
his tail-feathers spread,  
And he puffed up his  
wings. Then he  
waggled his head  
And looked toward the  
baby.  
With agonized  
squeals  
Xantippe Zenobia took to  
her heels!



# THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

## I. CARPENTRY.

### INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the applied arts and crafts, carpentry yields to none in importance.

One of man's first instincts was that of shelter, and all through the ages the development of construction has been undergoing its evolution until our present methods bear little resemblance to the ancient.

The boy who is interested in carpentry can have many hours of pleasure with his tools and materials, and the average boy, we believe, is interested in the craft, at least to some extent.

The object of this article is to persuade the young craftsman to work systematically and accurately, and to understand the possibilities and limitations of tools; not to use a chisel for a screw-driver, or to drive nails with the butt-end of a plane, or to use a tack-hammer to drive a tenpenny nail when a larger hammer is within easy reach. These and other things have to be learned by experience or by watching others, and when the lessons have been learned and the proper care is taken and judgment exercised, it will be possible for the boy to make a great many useful things for his own amusement and for the convenience and pleasure of others.

On the subject of tools themselves it is enough to say that they should always be taken good care of and never misused; for, inanimate though they are, they resent misuse and retaliate by becoming dull and useless.

### I. THE WORK-BENCH.

ONE of the indispensable things for the boy carpenter is a good work-bench on which to plane, join, and construct the smaller objects that will be made from time to time. The bench must be substantially made, and be provided with a planing-stop, a vise, and

a drawer in which to keep small tools, nails, screws, and the various odds and ends that are employed in carpentry. To begin with, obtain for the legs four spruce or whitewood sticks three inches square and thirty-six inches long,

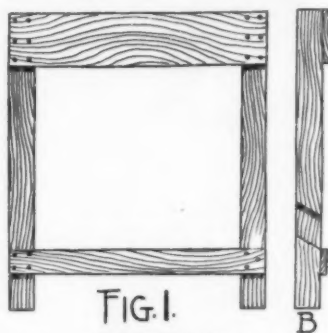
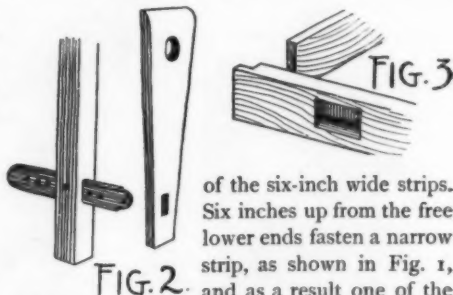


FIG. 1.  
A WORK-BENCH FRAME.

planed on all sides. Then get two pieces of clear pine or whitewood three feet long and six inches wide, and two more the same length and three inches wide. These pieces should be one inch and an eighth thick and planed on all sides and edges. Lay two of the legs on the floor, three feet apart, and join the ends with one



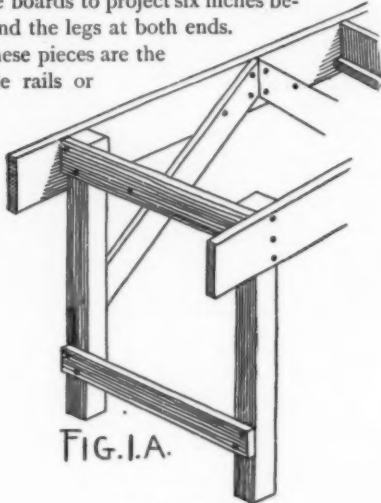
of the six-inch wide strips. Six inches up from the free lower ends fasten a narrow strip, as shown in Fig. 1, and as a result one of the end supports will be finished.

Flat-headed iron screws, two inches and a half long, should be used for the unions. A

more secure joint can be had by using glue also.

Fasten the other legs and strips together in a similar manner, and with two pieces of clear pine or whitewood five feet long, eight inches wide, and seven eighths of an inch thick, bind the legs together as shown in Fig. 1, A, allowing the boards to project six inches beyond the legs at both ends.

These pieces are the side rails or



FRAME OF WORK-BENCH.

aprons, and they should be fastened with glue and screws to the upper end of each leg.

At the back of the bench arrange two braces of wood three inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, as shown in Fig. 1, A. Beveled laps are to be cut in the side of two legs, as shown in B of Fig. 1, into which the ends of the strips will fit flush. The upper ends of the strips are to be mitered and attached to the inside of the apron, as shown in Fig. 1, A.

For the top of the bench use clear pine planking not less than one inch in thickness; this should be fitted closely together and fastened to the crosspieces with stout screws.

From hard wood a piece should be cut for a vise-jaw thirty-two inches long, three inches wide at the bottom, and

seven inches wide at the top (Fig. 2). Near the bottom of the jaw an oblong hole is cut to receive the end of a sliding piece, which, in turn, is provided with some holes for a peg. A corresponding oblong hole is cut near the foot of one leg, through which the piece containing the holes will pass, so that the whole vise-jaw can be kept nearly vertical no matter how thick the piece of wood to be clamped. The final position is shown in the finished bench. Near the top of the jaw a hole is cut to receive the screw that is turned with the lever-stick to tighten the jaw. A bench screw and nut can be purchased at almost any hardware-store and fitted to the work-bench; but if this fitting should be too much of an undertaking for a youthful workman, a carpenter will put it in place. The wood screws are cheapest, but those of steel are the most satisfactory. A small steel one will cost about a dollar.

From the apron at the front of the bench a piece should be cut fifteen inches long and six inches wide. This will admit a drawer of the same width and height and as deep as desired, although twenty-four inches will be quite deep enough. Rabbets are cut in the ends of a front piece, and sides are let into them, as shown in Fig. 3. The bottom and back are fastened in with screws, and the drawer is arranged to slide on runners that are fastened across the bench inside the aprons, as shown in the upper corner of Fig. 1, A. At the front of the drawer a "core" may be cut and a thin plate of iron



THE FINISHED WORK-BENCH.

screwed fast across the top of it, so that the fingers may be passed in behind the plate to pull the drawer out. A projecting drawer-pull must not be used, as it would interfere with boards when clamped in the vise. When planing strips or boards that are too long for the vise to hold securely, a wooden peg inserted in a hole at the opposite end of the apron from the vise will be found very convenient to support the end and relieve the strain on the vise. Two or three holes can be made for boards of different widths.

A planing-stop with teeth can be purchased at a hardware-store and set in place near the vise-jaw, and the complete bench will then be ready for use.

## II. A TOOL-RACK.

For the accommodation of chisels, small hammers, screw-driver, awls, compass-saw, pliers, and other handle tools, a tool-rack

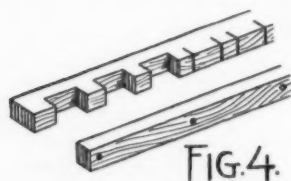
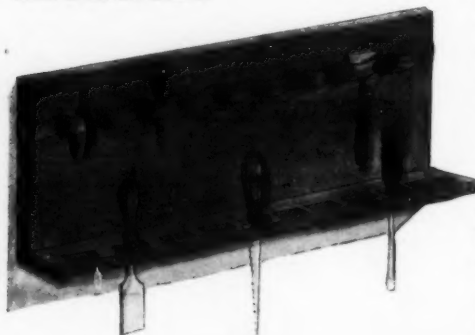


FIG. 4.

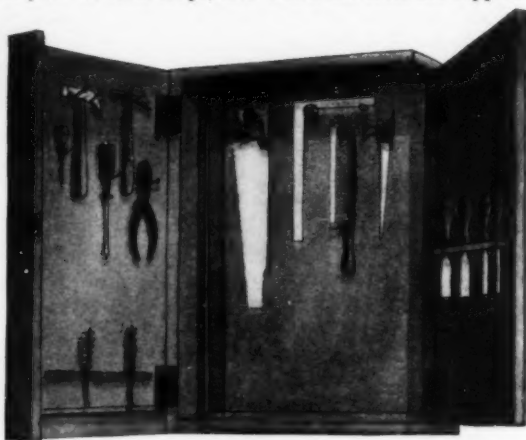
will be a very convenient receptacle to fasten against the wall over the work-bench. Such a rack is shown below.



A TOOL-RACK.

This is thirty-six inches long and twelve inches high, with a ledge projecting two inches

from the backboard. A leather strap is caught along the upper part of the board with nails to form loops, into which the tools are slipped.



A TOOL-CABINET.

The ledge is made from two sticks; one of them, one inch and a half in width, is cut with a

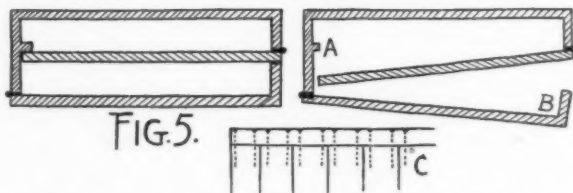


FIG. 5.

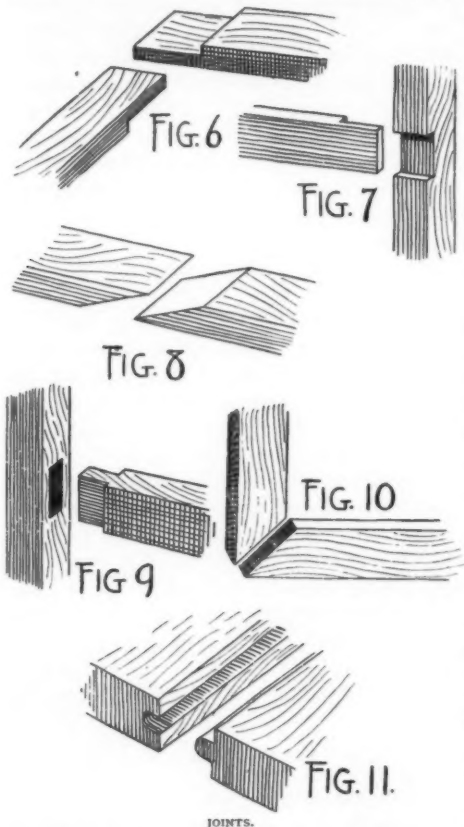
saw, and notches are cut with a chisel by removing the wood between the saw-cuts, as shown in Fig. 4. When all the notches are cut, the narrow strip, half an inch in width, is screwed fast to the notched stick, and with long screws the ledge is attached to the lower edge of the board.

## III. A TOOL-CABINET.

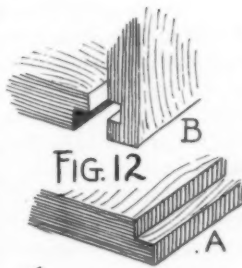
A VERY convenient tool-cabinet that will hang against the wall may be made with two doors of nearly equal size, so that there will be four instead of two surfaces against which to hang tools. The body of the chest is thirty inches high, twenty inches wide, and nine inches deep, outside measure. It is made of wood three quarters of an inch in thickness, fastened together with screws and glue, and varnished to improve its appearance. One side of the cabinet is but

three inches and a half wide, and to this side the inner door is made fast with hinges, so it will swing in against a stop-molding on the opposite side, as shown at A in Fig. 5.

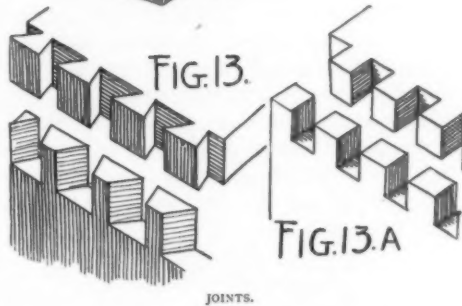
A small bolt on the door will fasten it in place when shut in, and on both sides of this door hooks and pegs can be arranged on which to hang tools. Inside the back of the cabinet hooks and pegs can be arranged also, for saws, squares, and other flat tools. The outer door is provided with a side strip (B, Fig. 5) to take the place of the lacking part of that side of the cabinet, and when the doors are closed in and locked the appearance of the chest will be uniform, as shown in Fig. 5 on the opposite page.



With a little careful planning and figuring it will not be a difficult matter to construct this cabinet and the doors so that they will fit



snugly and close easily. The doors will keep their shape better if made from narrow matched boards and held together at the ends with battens or strips nailed across the



ends of the boards, as shown in C of Fig. 5. Two-inch wrought butts will be heavy enough for the hinges of the doors. Provide a cabinet lock at the edge of the outer door.

On the inside of the outer door some tool-pegs can be arranged, and near the bottom a bit-rack is made with a leather strap formed into loops as described for the tool-rack. Under each loop a hole is bored in a strip of wood into which the square end of the bits will fit, so they will stand vertically and appear in an orderly row; for chisels a similar set of pockets can be made of wood.

#### IV. JOINTS.

ONE of the first lessons to learn will be that of making wood joints; for no matter what object is to be made, its construction will require some joiner work. There are, of course, a great variety of joints employed in carpentry, but many of them would be too complicated for the boy carpenter.

The easiest joint to make is the straight or box joint, made by butting the end of a board against the edge of another and nailing or screwing them fast, as in C of Fig. 5.

Fig. 6 shows a lap-joint made by cutting

away a portion of the wood on opposite sides of the ends which are to be joined, so that, when fastened, the wood will appear as a continuous piece. For corners and angles where a miter-box is not available the lap-joint is a very good substitute, and for many things it is stronger than the mitered joint, and much to be preferred.

Fig. 7 is another form of lap-joint, when the end of a strip is embedded in the surface of a stout piece of wood. This joint is very useful to the carpenter when making furniture, and for frame construction in general. Fig. 8 is a beveled lap-joint, and is used for timbers and posts under certain conditions where the joint can be strengthened by another piece of wood at one or two sides. Fig. 9 shows a tenon and mortise; the hole in the upright piece is the mortise,



A LOW BENCH.

and the shaped end on the stick is the tenon. The shaped end should fit the hole accurately, and the joint is usually held with a pin or nails driven through the side of the upright piece and into the side of the tenon when embedded in the mortise.

The mortise-and-tenon joint is used extensively in framing; and for doors, window-sash, blinds, and in cabinet work it is indispensable. Fig. 10 is the mitered joint, and in narrow wood it is usually cut in a miter-box with a stiff back-saw, as it can be more accurately done than by the eye and with a plain saw. The mitered joint is employed for picture-frames, screens, moldings, and all sorts of angle-joints. Fig. 11 is the tongue-and-groove joint, and is cut on the edges of boards and some timbers that are to

be laid side by side, such as flooring, weather-boards, and those to be used for partitions.



FIG. 14.

Fig. 12, A, is a rabbet, and is cut on the edges of wood where other pieces of wood fit into it, or where wood laps over some other material, such as glass or metal. The inner molding of picture-frames is always provided with a rabbet, behind which the edge of the glass, picture, and backing-boards will fit. Fig. 12, B, is a rabbet-joint made with a rabbet and groove, and is a good one to employ for box corners, bottoms of drawers, and where the edges of two pieces of wood come together. Fig. 13 is the dovetail-joint used for boxes, drawer corners, chests, and sometimes in cabinet work where the corners are to be covered with moldings or edging strips. Fig. 13, A, is the straight dovetail employed in the cheap construction of small boxes for hardware, groceries, and other wares, and is, of course, the easier of the dovetail-joints to make.

#### V. A LOW BENCH.

SMALL benches are always very useful to work upon when sawing, nailing, and matching boards; and the uses to which benches can be put are too numerous to mention, for they are quite as useful about the house as they are for a part of the carpentry outfit.

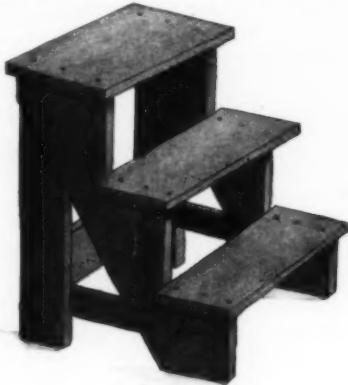
The low bench is fifteen inches high and twelve inches wide, and the top is twenty-two inches long. The foot pieces are cut as shown in Fig. 14, and at the upper end at each side a piece is cut out to let in the side aprons. The aprons are three inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, and are held to the foot pieces with glue and screws. In the top a finger-hole is cut, so as to lift the bench easily.

#### VI. A STEP-BENCH.

FROM the details given above it will be an easy matter to make the step-bench shown on the next page. This is thirty inches high and fifteen inches wide. The top step is eight inches wide and the lower steps six inches.

## VII. A SHOE-BOX.

A SHOE-BOX and seat is a useful piece of furniture in the bedroom. Two boxes purchased at a grocery-store can be made to serve the pur-



A STEP-BENCH.

pose, but to make a really strong affair the frame should be constructed of boards three quarters or seven eighths of an inch in thickness. A good size for the box is twenty-four inches high, fifteen deep, and sixteen wide; while the seat-box may be thirty inches long, and fifteen inches high and deep. These boxes are to be attached to each other with stout screws; and a back the length of the two boxes, having a rounded corner, is to be securely fastened to the rear of each box, as shown below in Fig. 15. In the shoe-box two shelves are screwed fast, and to the lower box a cover

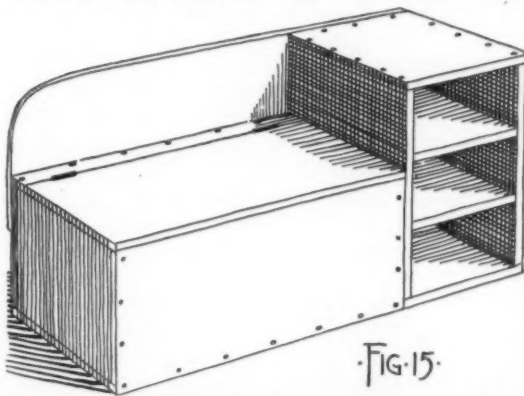
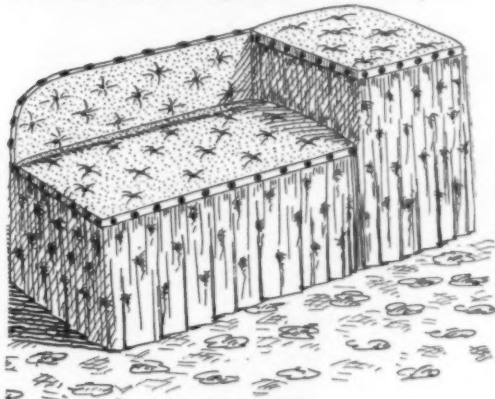


FIG. 15.

A SHOE-BOX, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.

is arranged on hinges, so that it can be raised from the front. The back, seat, and top of the shoe-box can be covered with denim, under which a padding of hair or cotton will make a softer back and seat. The denim may be caught down, or "tufted," with carriage-buttons, and string passed through holes made in the wood can be tied at the reverse side. Around the front and sides a valance of cretonne or denim may be gathered and hung from the top edge of the box and seat, fastened at the edge by gimp and tacks. Brass-headed upholsterers' nails driven at regular distances apart will present the best appearance. Where the valance at the edge of the shoe-box meets the seat, the fabric is to be divided, in order that it may be



A SHOE-BOX, COVERED.

drawn to one side when taking out or replacing shoes. A coat of shellac or paint will cover the exposed parts of the woodwork not hidden by the upholstery goods.

## VIII. A SHOE-BLACKING BOX.

A CONVENIENT article and one easily made is a shoe-blackening box, as shown on the next page. It is twenty-four inches high and eighteen inches square, and the compartment is four inches deep. Four sticks two inches square and twenty-four inches long will form the legs. Each one should be cut away at one end for a distance of five inches, as shown in Fig. 16, so that when the sideboards are fastened to them the joints will be flush. Two

sides of each stick should be cut away to a depth of three quarters of an inch, and the small end of the stick may be tapered slightly. The side-



A SHOE-BLACKING BOX.

boards, of three-quarter-inch wood five inches wide, are screwed fast to the top of the legs.

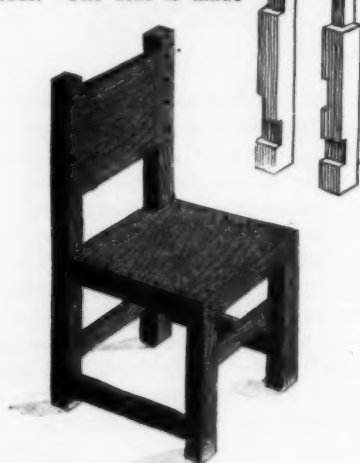
A bottom sixteen and a half inches square is fastened inside the frame, where it is held in place with steel-wire nails driven through the lower edge of the sideboards and into the edge of the bottom all around. Four brackets are fastened with screws at each side, under the sideboards, and a cover is hinged to the box; it is prevented from falling too far back by a chain attached to the under side of the lid and to the inside of the box. Over the front edge of the box bend a strip of zinc, and tack it fast to both the inside and outside of the front board. This will prevent shoes from chafing the wood away, and is easily cleaned when muddied by dirty shoes.

A few thin coats of olive-green or light-brown paint will add to the appearance of this shoe-blackening box; and the owner should take pride in keeping it clean, and the brushes in good order.

#### IX. A CHAIR.

THE construction of a chair is perhaps as interesting as anything in carpentry, and a plain

chair like the one shown in the illustration can easily be made from soft or hard wood, the joints being all open and simple to cut, as you can see by looking carefully at the drawing. The legs are two inches square, the seat is sixteen inches square and eighteen inches high, and the back posts are thirty-six inches long. The front and back posts are cut out, as shown in Fig. 17, to receive the crosspieces that bind the legs and back together. These strips are two inches wide and three quarters of an inch thick. The side strips are two inches up from the floor, and the back one is four inches high, while that at the front is let into the rear of the posts, and its lower edge is eight inches from the floor. The seat is made



A CHAIR.

from matched boards, and the back is ten inches wide, made from a single board, and all the joints are glued and screwed together. Chairs that are made in shops have the joints doweled or mortised and tenoned; but the lap-joint is much the easiest and strongest one to make if the cuts are accurately sawed, and if the crosspieces fit the laps so snugly that a mallet is necessary to help drive the strips home. The seat and back of this chair can be covered with denim, leather, or other suitable fabric drawn over some curled hair or cotton that can be used for padding, and fastened down around the edges

with large flat-headed tacks or upholstery nails. Shellac, varnish, or paint may be used to give the woodwork a good appearance, and when completed this chair will surely be the pride of the boy who made it.



X. A TABLE.

THIS is not so difficult as it might seem. When constructing a table, bear in mind that every joint should be made to fit accurately, or in a short time it will rack and become useless,

is employed, a good result can be counted on, if care is taken in the workmanship. For the legs obtain four sticks thirty-three inches long and two inches and a half square. From two sides, at the top end of each stick, cut

the wood away for five inches to a depth of seven eighths of an inch; then cut two boards five inches wide and forty-two inches long and four more thirty inches long for the frame. Six inches from the uncut lower ends saw and chisel out laps from the inside of the legs, so that two of the thirty-inch lengths will fit into them, and with two long and two short boards unite the legs so that a frame thirty inches wide, forty-two inches long, and thirty-three inches high will be had. An under

shelf can be made, as shown in the cut. The table-top extends over the framework for three inches all around, and it is made of narrow tongue-and-grooved boards driven together and screwed down to the band around the top formed by the thirty and forty-two inch boards.

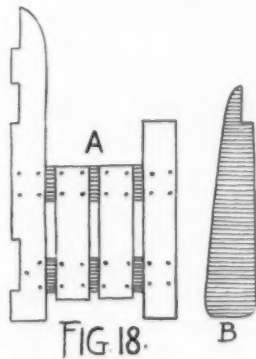


FIG 18.



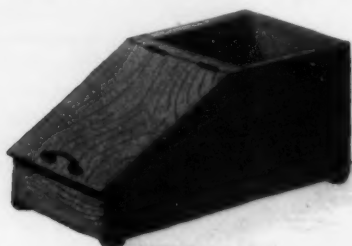
A SETTLE.

just as a poorly made chair is soon consigned to the attic, the cellar, or the woodpile. The proportion and shape for a good strong table are shown in the illustration, and if well-seasoned wood, free from knots or sappy places,

To finish this top nicely, it can be covered with felt or some of the effective imitation leathers in old red, green, or brown shades, caught on the under side with ordinary tacks, and made fast on the edge with stout ornamental tacks.

## XI. A SETTLE.

A COMFORTABLE settle for the piazza or yard can be made from pine, whitewood, cypress, or other wood that is at hand and easy to work.



A COAL AND WOOD BOX.

It is fifty-four inches long, eighteen inches wide, and the seat is eighteen inches above the ground. The sides are made from strips three inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, as shown in A of Fig. 18. The arms are twenty inches long, six inches broad at the front, and cut the shape of B in Fig. 18. The notches or laps cut in the rear posts are to let in the strips forming the back and lower brace to the settle. The joints should be made with screws rather than nails, as they hold better and do not work loose. Small brackets support the arms at the front corner posts, and an upright batten at the middle strengthens the back of the settle. A close inspection of the drawing will show the joints clearly and also show how the frame is put together. A few coats of paint will finish the wood nicely, or it may be stained and varnished if the wood has a pretty grain. Cushions and a sofa-pillow or two will add to the comfort of this commodious seat, which is a most useful piece of furniture at any time.

## XII. A COAL AND WOOD BOX.

A COMBINATION box for coal and wood can be made from an ordinary box with the sides and one end cut down, as shown in the illustration; but a more serviceable one is made from

boards seven eighths of an inch thick, planed on both sides, and the joints securely glued and screwed. The sides are twenty-six inches long and twelve inches high at the back, but at the front they are only four inches high. A back piece ten inches wide and twelve inches high is cut and fastened in place, and a front strip four inches high is also made fast with glue and long slim screws. A division board is placed in the middle of the box where the vertical line of screw-heads is shown, and a bottom ten by twenty-four inches is held in place with screws passed through the lower edge of the front, back, and sides, and into the edges of the bottom. A lid the width of the box is hinged to a cross-strip over the partition, and a handle at the lower end will make it easy to lift the lid, or the lid can be made to project an inch in front and so do away with the handle. Under the corners, blocks with the corners rounded off will act as feet, so as to raise the bottom of the box an inch or two from the floor. Thin



A PLANT-BOX ON THE PIAZZA RAIL.

stain and two coats of varnish will finish the woodwork on the outside, but on the inside a coat or two of asphaltum varnish will give it the best finish. Sticks of wood or kindling may be kept in the square receptacle, while under the lid can be kept at least two bucketfuls of coal. If the fuel-holder is used only at the open fire, logs may be stood on end in the square box, and kindlings may be kept in the covered half.

## XIII. A PLANT-BOX.

FOR growing plants and flowers, a plant-box for the piazza rail can be made and arranged

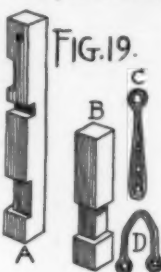
as shown in the illustration. This can be very easily made from pine boards an inch thick, eight inches wide, and six inches deep, outside measure, and as long as desired to fill the spaces between posts. Straight joints or box-joints are made at the corners and fastened with screws, and the inside of the box is treated to several successive coats of asphaltum varnish to render it waterproof. Several small holes are bored in the bottom of the box to drain off surplus moisture, and the box and supports can be painted a color to match the trimmings of the house. To anchor the box, screw a board to the balustrade on which the inner bottom edge of the box may rest; and support the outer edge by means of braces attached firmly to the under side, and to the piazza floor, as shown in the illustration. Two small brackets nailed to the under side of the box and to the batten will hold the box in place and prevent it from slipping off the top of the batten. This is a necessary precaution to prevent the whole contrivance from falling in the event of its becoming dislodged at any time by the wind or by a possible jarring against the piazza rail.

#### XIV. A SUSPENDED SETTLE.

A SUSPENDED settle is a very convenient piece of piazza furniture and not a difficult thing for the young carpenter to make. The corner posts are two inches and a half square, and the boards used in its construction are seven eighths of an inch thick and four inches wide. The seat is forty-two inches long and eighteen inches wide, and the back is fifteen inches high from the seat. The arms are cut as shown in B of Fig. 18, and securely screwed to the corner posts. The frame pieces supporting the seat-boards are let into the back and front posts, in which laps are cut as shown in Fig. 19, A and B, and securely fastened with flat-headed screws. Both the rail to which the backboards are attached, and the rear ends

of the arms, are let into the corner posts and fastened with screws. The seat is suspended from the ceiling of the piazza by four chains, that can be purchased at a hardware-store, from a ship-chandler, or can be made by a blacksmith from iron three eighths of an inch in diameter. If it is not possible to obtain the chains, rope may be substituted, but it will not look as well.

Two yokes bolted to the top of the back posts and eye-straps for the front posts will anchor the chains securely to the settle. The yoke is shown in Fig. 19, C, and the eye-strap in Fig. 19, D. A bolt passed through the top of the rear posts and the holes in the yoke will secure it firmly, and a nut will prevent it from slipping loose. Holes are made in the arms, and the eye-straps are passed down through them and attached to the front corner posts with screws, as shown in the illustration. The back of the settle is composed of



A SUSPENDED SETTLE.

boards four inches wide and placed an inch apart. Cushions and pillows will complete this useful piece of furniture, that in the winter-time may be hung in a den or library.

The December article will show, with many illustrations, "How a Boy can Decorate His Room." (See page 94.)



## WHEN MOTHER READS ALOUD.

BY HANNAH G. FERNALD.

WHEN mother reads aloud, the past  
 Seems real as every day :  
 I hear the tramp of armies vast,  
 I see the spears and lances cast,  
 I join the thrilling fray ;  
 Brave knights and ladies fair and proud  
 I meet, when mother reads aloud.

When mother reads aloud, far lands  
 Seem very near and true ;  
 I cross the desert's gleaming sands,  
 Or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,

Or sail the ocean blue ;  
 Far heights, whose peaks the cold mists  
 shroud,  
 I scale, when mother reads aloud.

When mother reads aloud, I long  
 For noble deeds to do —  
 To help the right, redress the wrong ;  
 It seems so easy to be strong,  
 So simple to be true.  
 Oh, thick and fast the visions crowd  
 My eyes when mother reads aloud !



## THE ORDER OF THE SMILING FACE.

BY LUCY FOSTER.

WE 'VE formed a new society —  
"The Order of the Smiling Face";  
An honored member you may be,  
For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let  
The corners of your mouth droop down;  
For by this method you may get  
The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes  
A brave and merry twinkle show;

For if the angry tears arise  
They 're very apt to overflow.

If you must practise for an hour,  
And if it seem a long, long while,  
Remember not to pout and glower,  
But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see;  
Make up your mind to join to-day.  
Put on a smile — and you will be  
An active member right away.

## PAPA'S WAY OF SPELLING.

BY IDA L. MCINTOSH.



I 'm having such a dreadful time  
At learning how to spell!  
You see, I 'm just a little girl  
And can't do very well.  
I 've been to school for two months now,  
And so some words I know;  
For teacher writes it on the board  
And says "g-o" spells "go."

I 've learned that "r-a-t" spells "rat"  
And "h-e-n" spells "hen";  
That Rover is a "d-o-g"  
And "B-e-n" is "Ben."

My teacher says she thinks that I  
Am doing very well;  
But papa spells a different way,  
And says, "Sh! Don't you tell!"

You see, my names are Alice May,  
And my last name is Hall,  
And yesterday I spelled them out  
At school before them all.

My teacher said, "That 's nicely done!"  
And so at home last night  
I spelled them out for my papa,  
And thought I had them right.

But papa said, "You 're wrong, my pet;  
For 'A-l-i-c-e'  
Spells 'darling,' dear, and 'M-a-y'  
Spells 'sweetheart' — don't you see?"  
I told him what my teacher said,  
But he declared: "Oh, no!  
That 's not the way your papa spells;  
Your teacher does n't know."

My papa would n't tell me wrong  
Or say what is n't true,  
And yet my teacher says that *she*  
Spells just the way *I* do!  
I 'm 'fraid I 'll never learn to spell —  
No matter how I try —  
If "darling" 's "A-l-i-c-e"  
And "sweetheart" 's "M-a-y"!



BY H. B. M. TASKER.

TOMMY ATKINS was not a British soldier in a red coat and a smart forage-cap, jauntily swinging a two-foot stick as he walked along, but a little red-cheeked country lad away up in Maine.

Tommy was just an every-day little chap, with no wits to spare when it was a matter of parsing and writing compositions at school, but a smart enough lad for the ordinary purposes of life. He was original, too, in his way, as you will see, but deplorably matter-of-fact, and he took at least two days to see a joke.

One day, just before school broke up for the summer vacation, Tommy's teacher, a bright-faced woman whom Tommy secretly adored, made this announcement:

"Children, the pupils of this grade are extremely deficient in composition. To correct this and pave the way for more earnest work next year, I will assign you a task for the vacation, for which I will offer a prize."

A murmur of curiosity and excitement passed through the room. A prize! A prize! Tommy's fat cheeks bulged more than ever as he shut his lips firmly.

"The prize will be" — Miss Sanderson paused impressively and each boy held his breath — "a year's subscription to *St. NICHOLAS*. I expect each pupil, even the youngest, to write an *original* composition, not to exceed two hundred words, and to present the same at my desk on September first next; and in order to stimulate your powers of observation, and to keep you in touch with nature study, I shall ask you to write a composition on an apple."

"An apple — that's easy," whispered Johnny

Dale, again. A shade of scorn, even, passed over the face of Harold Ball, the head boy, who, upon occasion, could write verse that sounded like Casabianca.

"An apple — a composition on an apple," pondered Tommy Atkins over and over all the way home. He could not see the simplicity of the theme; in fact, he could not even get it through his little thick head how the thing could be done at all.

"Not more than two hundred words on an apple! I guess not," reflected Tommy.

"What is the subject?" asked his mother, on hearing of the competition and prize.

"I dunno," said Tommy; "I did n't hear her say. But it's got to be on an apple."

Tommy worried a good deal about the competition during early vacation-time.

But one day, as he lay in the long grass of the orchard, idly watching the green globes and gray-green leaves of the sturdy old apple-trees above him, a bright idea came into his head. He saw at last how it could be done; he even decided upon the subject, which Miss Sanderson had apparently forgotten to mention, and the very words it should contain.

That night, when the chores were done, Tommy hunted up a sheet of writing-paper and his mother's sharpest scissors. His hand was ever more nimble than his wits, and with great neatness and dexterity he drew and erased and clipped away until presently he had a pile of little paper letters. During this process he sniffed and squirmed and wriggled, after the fashion of active boys when engaged in a close piece of work; but at last the work was

done to his satisfaction and the letters were formed into words. These he read half aloud to himself. They sounded well. His teacher would surely be pleased with *this* composition. True, it was short, but he decided it was as much as he could reasonably get on an apple.

Then he stole out into the woodshed for a lantern, and hied him to the orchard as fast as his fat legs could run. Climbing the ladder, he selected with great deliberation, from an old apple-tree, the largest, roundest, smoothest green apple he could spy, and carefully broke it off, stem and all. In an incredibly short space of time (for Tommy) the task was finished. The letters were gummed and put in their places on the apple, and the apple itself carefully placed on a window-sill where the morning sun might reach it first. Henceforth it was literally "the apple of his eye." A dozen times a day he ran to see if it was ripening the proper way or if any of the letters had come off.

September came. A double row of bright-faced, freckled, sunburned boys, spick-and-span in clean sailor waists, stood at the school-house door on opening day.

The pupils of Miss Sanderson's class could easily be detected by the important way each boy carried a roll of neatly tied manuscript.

Tommy Atkins, however, had no roll of paper and no important air. Indeed, it was with a feeling of blank surprise and not a little uneasiness that he beheld the aforesaid manuscripts.

"What had *he* done? What had *they* done?" he asked himself.

The teacher had a bright smile of welcome for each returning pupil. As each boy in turn brought up his roll of paper and deposited it with a confident or anxious air, according to his temperament, Tommy Atkins's heart sank lower. He was the last boy to go up to the

desk. Laying down *his* composition, carefully wrapped in silver-paper and tied with lilac "love-ribbon," his lips quivered with anxious fear when he heard the teacher say, as she felt the hard round parcel:

"Why, what is this, Tommy?"



"THE LETTERS WERE GUMMED AND PUT IN THEIR PLACES ON THE APPLE."

"It 's my — composition — ma'am," stammered Tommy. "I guess — I did n't — do it right." He blinked back the tears which *would* come. He was a conscientious little chap and took his schooling seriously.

Then he broke down, for, after all, he was only a little boy and not a British soldier as you might imagine from his name, and he had put so much heart into this effort! He did not want the prize so much, but he wished to please his teacher. Now he began to see that he must have missed something that his

quicker schoolmates had grasped. It seemed as if it were love's labor lost, and Tommy was sorely disappointed.

The teacher opened the wrapper, and disclosed to the astonished eyes of herself and her pupils the most unique "composition on an apple" ever seen.

Tommy's matter-of-factness had resulted rather originally this time. There stood a rosy apple, its crimson globe delightfully streaked with faintest creams and yellows, and girdling it like an emerald zone were a number of words in the vivid green of the unripe apple.

What did the words say?

A buzz of curiosity filled the room. Even Harold Ball, the head boy, forgot his supercilious smile of contempt for all things below his standard of excellence.

The teacher held it up high—but the hand was unsteady, for a trembling child with all his

heart in his brown eyes and an agony of disappointment in his chubby face was awaiting her sentence of doom.

The teacher read slowly: "You are the nicest teacher in the bunch. I love you alwuz. Tommy atkins."

The class giggled and the teacher smiled, but her eyes were dim with tears.

"The English is faulty and the spelling poor; but the workmanship is good and your composition is certainly original."

Tommy breathed again, and went soberly to his seat.

And when a committee of the teachers read the boys' effusions, and compared Tommy's originality, painstaking effort, and loving heart with sheets of commonplace statements,—such as, "An apple is good to eat," "Apples grow on trees," etc., etc.,—it was unanimously decided that Tommy Atkins should receive the prize.

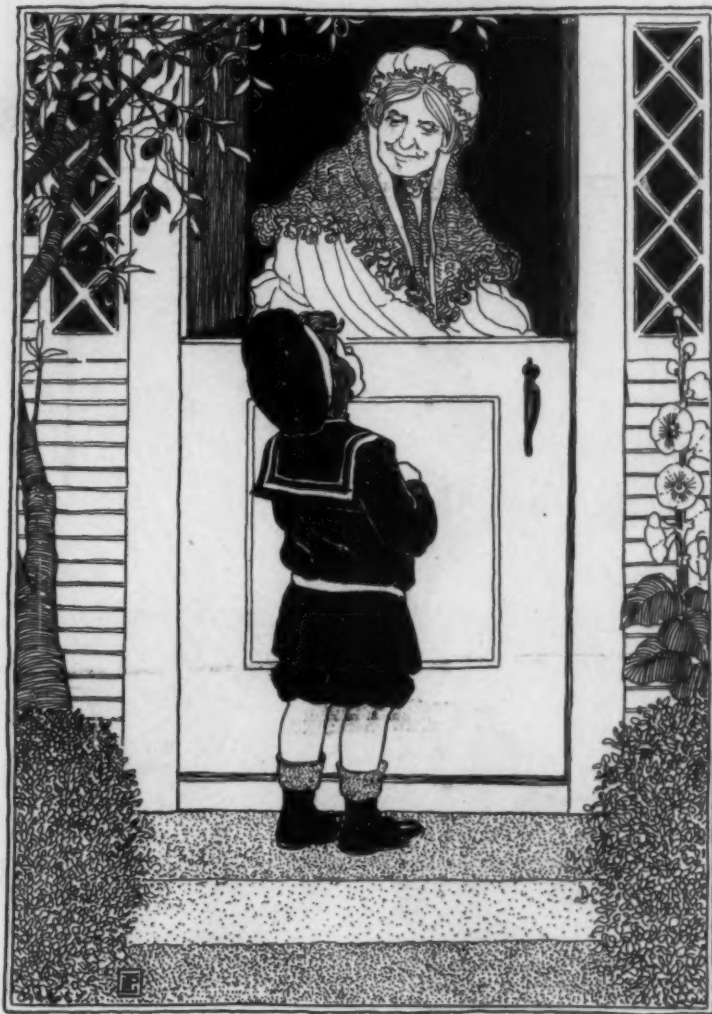


"WHAT HO, THERE!"

A scene from almost any day in the Middle Ages.

## THREE RHYME-AND-PICTURE PAGES.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



### I. DIPLOMACY.

THE Widow Hill has a fine plum-tree!	The plum-tree grows by her front door.
The Widow Hill is fond o' me.	I've been meaning to call for a week or more
I'll call on her to-day!	To pass the time o' day!

## II. MISERY IN COMPANY.



THE rain is falling,  
The fire is out!  
Jane has the toothache,  
John has the gout!



### III. THE BEAU.



THERE was a man in Dedham town  
Who put on a wig and a dressing-gown,  
Flowered slippers and a flowing tie;  
Then he looked in the mirror and said, "Oh, my!"



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"Kibun Daizin"  
(Wealthiest Man)

"KIBUN DAIZIN"

OR

FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

By GENSAI MURAI.



"Wanizame-Kono"  
(Shark-Boy)

CHAPTER X.

AMBITION SATISFIED—THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

KINOKUNIYA BUNZAYEMON, who unknowingly had left such a big fire behind him and sought the mountainous districts of the neighboring provinces as his field of action, went over to Sagami Province the same day, and negotiated with the chief owners of forests there and made a contract with them, paying them guaranty money in advance. The next day he crossed over to Awa Province and visited in turn the owners of mountain forests in Kazusa, Shimo-osa, and Musashi, and struck bargains with them to buy all their salable timber. Four or five days only were occupied in these rapid negotiations, at the end of which time, as the rumor of the big fire of Yedo had got abroad to these neighboring provinces, Kibun hastened on his way back to Yedo. As he was passing amid the smoldering ruins on the way to his depot at Fukagawa, he continually heard the people talking of himself. Every time he stopped and listened. "Well, Genbei San, Kinokuniya Bunzayemon is a fine fellow, is n't he? One would think he had foreseen the fire and prepared that enormous amount of *bento* beforehand; otherwise he could not possibly have given it out to the people so readily. I and others had nowhere to find food, so we supported ourselves for three days on that *bento*."

"Is that so, Hachibei San? I also received it every day. For three days, wherever one went among the ruins one was met with his charity. It is said that within three days no less than two thousand *koku*\* of rice were given away. Had it not been for that charity nearly

the whole population of the city would have famished. Moreover, Genbei San, the charity was extended even to the mansions of many *daimios*, and the nobles and their families ate of his *bento*."

"To be sure. Even the nobles with their heaps of gold and all their power could n't buy a single grain in the general consternation! Really that Kibun, whoever he may be, is a sagacious fellow!" Thus talked the men who had received his alms.

While Bunzayemon, who listened to this current talk, was inwardly rejoicing that Chobei had managed his affairs so admirably, he passed two women who were talking.

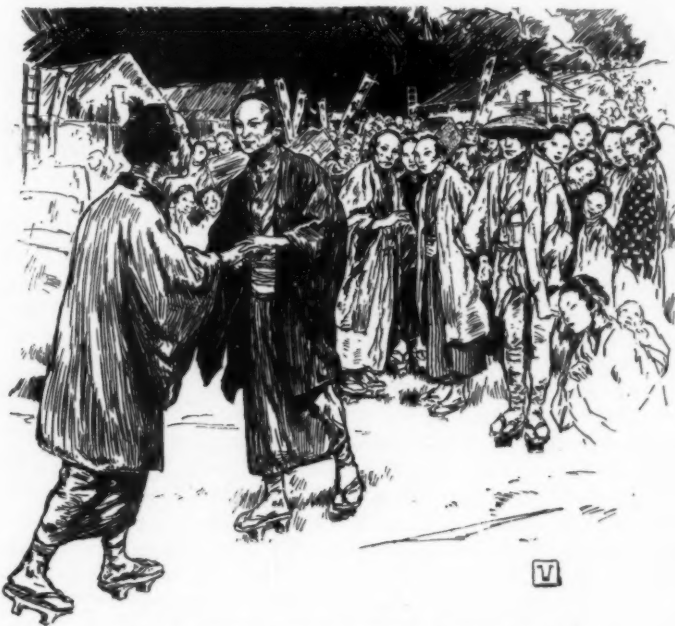
"Oh, Haru San, when I lost sight of my child in the crowd," one of them was saying, "I became almost mad in my search for her; but as I could not find her in the hurry and bustle, I gave her up for being trodden to death or else for being suffocated in the heat. In my grief I lost all care for my own life. But then I heard the people say that some thousands of strayed children had been taken to Kibun's country place at Fukagawa. I ran there at once, and lo! I found my little girl there among the children. My joy, of course, knew no bounds. Let people say what they wish, Kibun must be a merciful man; in such a fire as this naturally there are a lot of strayed children, and therefore he sent out his men to every quarter of the city, ordering them to bring such to his house. In three days a thousand or more people were rescued, they say. Henceforth I shall always have a niche for Kibun Sama in my heart."

"I shall, too. Your case was not so bad as mine. For my part, when I lost sight of my

\* Ten thousand bushels.

mother, no words could express my anxiety. If she had been in sound health, I would have felt a little easier, but she has been laid up since last winter on account of her great age. At first we thought we were safe from the conflagration, as the fire had passed by us toward Takanawa; but then by the change of wind the sparks started the fire afresh at the very next door to our own. The men belonging to the house had gone to Takanawa to help a relative of ours there, and I thought it would be a shame to me if by my

dress and I was pretty badly burned. However, I took courage and got on my feet, being very anxious about my mother. I looked round, and she was not there. I knew she could n't possibly have run away, owing to her helplessness; so I looked around me, being sure she must be either in a ditch or stupefied by the smoke. The fire, however, was too quick for me. I could n't stay to make further search, so I ran away. I have been weeping since at the thought of mother's death, when



"I HAVE NO WORDS IN WHICH TO EXPRESS MY THANKS TO YOU."

indecision the fire should cause the death of my mother; so, holding mother's hand, I dragged her from the house.

"After two or three *chos*\* run, mother was out of breath and consequently could n't walk a step farther. I put her on my back and ran on, but we were both soon suffocated by the smoke, and then I tumbled down. I could n't get up for some time because other people who were running to escape from the flames trod on me.

"In another minute the sparks set fire to my

mark on all the boardings put up as temporary inclosures.

As he was wondering at this new proof of Chobei's energy and wisdom, two *samurai*, or retainers, came by talking.

"Look, my friend! The inclosure of this mansion, too, seems to have been put up by Kibun's people. The man is wonderfully ready for everything! And no doubt the fact that he has put up the temporary inclosure means that the rebuilding will be put into his hands, and no better man could probably be found."

\* One *cho* equals about one hundred and twenty yards.

yesterday I heard a report that mother was safe at Fukagawa. I flew to the place and met her. When I asked how she had got there she told me that she had been rescued by the coolies of a certain Kibun, and after being brought there had received the most kind treatment. Henceforth I'll not sleep with my feet toward Fukagawa."

Hearing this, Bunzayemon was even more impressed by the clever management of Chobei. On his way home through the desolation and ruin he also passed by many of the *daimios'* palace-grounds, where he saw his own trade-

"You are right. If we employ him he's certain to lose no time about it."

Bunzayemon, who overheard this conversation, clapped his hands in admiration, and, turning to his attendants, said: "How now, my fellows! You did n't think much of Chobei at first, did you? Well, what do you think of him now?"

The attendants looked at one another and said: "Really, he is very clever—even more clever than you, sir! Yes, unless a man employs some men cleverer than himself he can never become great!"

With unbounded joy Bunzayemon soon arrived at his depot at Fukagawa. No sooner did he catch sight of Chobei than he held out his hand to him, saying: "Ah! I have no words in which to express my thanks to you. I have been hearing, from the chance talk of the people on my way home, of all you have been doing in my absence, and have been much struck by your sagacity. Indeed, I have never felt so much joy as I experience to-day!"

Bunzayemon, who was not accustomed to show joy or sorrow in his face, could not suppress his emotion on that day.

Almost all the houses in the city of Yedo were destroyed by the fire. Warriors and merchants had to build their abodes afresh, and because all the timber in the city was reduced to ashes, the price at once went up tenfold. Now Kibun alone, at this juncture, had already a great stock of timber on hand at his depot at Fukagawa, and he had fresh supplies constantly being sent in from the mountains in the near-by country, being the timber he had lately bought. The profit which he gained by selling all this material was something enormous—indeed, a huge fortune in itself.

Moreover, on account of his alms and the inclosures he had put up for various great feudal lords, they too became his customers and asked him to rebuild their mansions. By these orders he again made a great profit. He ascribed this good fortune entirely to Chobei, to whom he gave a great sum of money as a token of appreciation of his services. Besides, he handsomely rewarded the other men and boys in his employ.

He also sent for that chief carpenter, Seihachi.

"Well, Seihachi, this is the prize which I give you."

Thus saying, he put a box which contained one thousand *ryo* in front of him.

The other was frightened out of his wits.

"Oh! do you say there's a gift of a thousand *ryo* for me in this packet? Is n't it empty?"

"No, it's not empty. Lift it and see."

Whereupon Seihachi tried to lift it and said: "Truly, it's too heavy; I can't lift it! Is n't this a dream?" And he pinched his knee.

Bunzayemon laughed. "It is not a dream. It's a reward to you, sure and certain, and you had better take it home with you."

"Really, I thank you, sir. In the time of the fire I carried charity *bento* only three times, for I was working at other things; therefore I'm not worthy of so great a reward!"

"It is n't a reward for that."

"Then for the inclosure which I did for Sendai Sama, the *daimio*; for that work my assistants came late, so I could n't finish it till late in the evening. The work ought to have been finished much earlier."

"It is n't for that."

"Not for that, either? For what is it, then, sir?"

Bunzayemon pointed to Chobei, who was then in the shop, and said: "You brought me that excellent article, there. It's for that."

The carpenter misunderstood him and said: "Is that so? I see, for that article. That's an article rarely found, and I thought it would be a great loss if it was burned, so before other things I sent it down on a raft from Hachobori to Fukagawa. Then on the way it collided with a ship and the raft was nearly broken to pieces."

"What are you talking about?"

"You mean that hinoki plank, do you not, of eight inches both in breadth and thickness?"

"No; you don't understand me, yet. It is your prize for bringing Chobei to me."

"You mean Chobei San. Ah, I see, I see! I did not understand you. I wondered why you gave me such a handsome reward. But Chobei San has certainly proved to be an excellent man. I thought he was a hopeless

fellow. Shall I bring you another Chobei San? I have a lot more."

"What sort of Chobei is he?"

"The next idle fellow who depends on me for support."

Bunzayemon laughed, saying, "No, thank you; I don't want another Chobei of that kind."

In this wise, Bunzayemon undertook many important schemes and grew very rich. Thus in

time his fame sounded through the whole of Japan, and he built a big establishment at Hon-hachobori,—a street in Tokio, near the heart of the city,—which covered one big square. Always strenuously pushing forward his business, he at last, as had been his ambition, became the leading merchant in the whole of Japan. As the old verse says:

The heavy gourd from slender stem takes birth,  
From strenuous will spring deeds of weighty worth.

THE END.

## THE DÉBUT OF "DAN'L WEBSTER."

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.



"I GUESS you can get the ell roof shingled now, 'most any old time," cried Homer Tidd. He bounced in at the kitchen door. A blast of icy wind followed him.

"Gracious! shet the door, Homer, an' then tell me your news." His mother shivered and pulled a little brown shawl tighter about her shoulders.

The boy planted himself behind the stove and laid his mittened hands comfortably around the pipe. "Oh, I've made a great deal, mother." Homer's freckled face glowed with satisfaction.

"What?" asked Mrs. Tidd.

"Did you see the man that jest druv out o' the yard?"

"No, I did n't, Homer."

"Well, 't was Mr. Richards—the Mr. Richards o' Finch & Richards, the big market folks over in the city."

"Has he bought your Thanksgiving turkeys?"

"He hain't bought 'em for Thanksgivin'."

"Well, what are you so set up about, boy?"

"He's rented the hull flock. He's to pay me three dollars a day for them, then he's goin' to buy them all for Christmas."

"Land sakes! Three dollars a day!" Mrs. Tidd dropped one side of a pan of apples she was carrying, and some of them went rolling about the kitchen floor.

Homer nodded.

"For how long?" she asked eagerly.

"For a week." Homer's freckles disappeared in the crimson glow of enthusiasm that overspread his face.

"Eighteen dollars for nothin' but exhibitin' a bunch o' turkeys! Seems to me some folks must have money to throw away." Mrs. Tidd stared perplexedly over the top of her glasses.

"I'll tell you all about it, mother." Homer took a chair and planted his feet on the edge of the oven. "Mr. Richards is goin' to have a great Thanksgiving food show, an' he wants a flock o' live turkeys. He's been drivin' round the country lookin' for some. The postmaster sent him here. He told him about Dan'l Webster's tricks."

"They don't make Dan'l any better eatin'," objected the mother.

"Maybe not. But don't you see? Well!"

Homer's laugh was an embarrassed one. "I'm goin' to put Dan'l an' Gettysburg through their tricks right in the store window."

"You be n't?" and the mother looked in rapt admiration at her clever son.

"I be!" answered Homer, triumphantly.

"I don't know, boy, jest what I think o' it," said his mother, slowly. "'T ain't exactly a— a gentlemanly sort o' thing to do; be it?"

"I reckon I be n't a gentleman, mother," replied Homer, with his jolly laugh.

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, I was feedin' the turkeys when Mr. Richards druv in. He said he heered I had some trick turkeys an' he 'd like to see 'em. Lucky enough, I had n't fed 'em; they was awful hungry, an' I tell you they never did their tricks better."

"What did Mr. Richards say?"

"He thought it was the most amazin' thing he 'd ever seen in his life. He said he would n't have believed turkeys had enough gumption in them to learn a trick o' any kind."

"Did you tell him how you 'd fussed with them ever since they was little chicks?"

"I did. He wuz real interested, an' he offered me three dollars to give a show three times a day. He's got a window half as big as this kitchen. He'll have it wired in, an' the turkeys 'll stay there at his expense. Along before Christmas he 'll give me twenty-two cents a pound for 'em."

"Well, I vow, Homer, it's pretty good pay."

"Mr. Richards give me a commutation on the railroad. He's to send after the turkeys an' bring 'em back, so I won't have any expense."

Homer rose and sauntered about the kitchen, picking up the apples that had rolled in all directions over the floor.

A week before Thanksgiving, the corner in front of Finch & Richards's great market looked as it was wont to look on circus day: only the eyes of the crowds were not turned expectantly up Main Street; they were riveted on a window in the big store. Passers-by tramped out into the snowy street when they reached the mob at the corner. The front of the store was decorated with a fringe of plump turkeys. One

window held a glowing mountain of fruit and vegetables arranged by some one with a keen eye to color—monstrous pumpkins, splendid purple cabbages, rosy apples and russet pears, green and purple grapes, snowy stalks of celery, and corn ears yellow as sunshine. Crimson beets neighbored with snowy parsnips, scarlet carrots, and silk-wrapped onions. Egg-plants gleaming like deep-hued amethysts circled about magnificent cauliflowers, while red and yellow bananas made gay mosaic walks through the fruit mountain. Wherever a crack or a cranny had been left was a mound of ruby cranberries, fine raisin bunches, or brown nuts.

It was a remarkable display of American products; yet, after the first "Ah" of admiration, people passed on to the farther window, where six plump turkeys, supremely innocent of a feast-day fate, flapped their wings or gobbled impertinently when a small boy laid his nose flat against the window. Three times a day the crowd grew twenty deep. It laughed and shouted and elbowed one another good-naturedly, for the Thanksgiving spirit was abroad. Men tossed children up on their stalwart shoulders, then small hands clapped ecstatically, and small legs kicked with wild enthusiasm.

The hero of the hour was a freckled, red-haired boy, who came leaping through a wire door with an old broom over his shoulders. Every turkey waited for him eagerly, hungrily! They knew that each old familiar trick—learned away back in chickhood—would earn a good feed. When the freckled boy began to whistle, or when his voice rang out in a shrill order, it was the signal for Dan'l Webster, for Gettysburg, for Amanda Ann, Mehitable, Nancy, or Faragut to step to the center of the stage and do some irresistibly funny turn with a turkey's bland solemnity. None of the birds had attacks of stage-fright; their acting was as self-possessed as if they were in the old farm-yard with no audience present but Mrs. Tidd to lean smiling over the fence with a word of praise and the coveted handful of golden corn.

With every performance the crowd grew more dense, the applause more uproarious, and the Thanksgiving trade at Finch & Richards's bigger than it had been in years. Each night Homer took the last train home, tired but

happy, for three crisp greenbacks were added to the roll in his small shabby wallet.

Two days before Thanksgiving, Homer, in his blue overalls and faded sweater, was busy

old farm-house. Homer whistled gaily while he bedded the creatures with fresh straw. The whistle trailed into an indistinct trill; the boy felt a pang of loneliness as he glanced into the turkey-pen. There was nobody there but old



"THE BOY PLANTED HIMSELF BEHIND THE STOVE AND LAID HIS MITTENED HANDS COMFORTABLY AROUND THE PIPE."

at work. The gray of the dawn was just creeping into the east while the boy went hurrying through his chores. There was still a man's work to be done before he took the ten-o'clock train to town; besides, he had promised to help his mother about the house. His grandfather, an uncle, an aunt, and three small cousins were coming to eat their Thanksgiving feast at the

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Mother Salvia. Homer tossed her a handful of corn. "Poor old lady, I s'pose you 're lonesome, ain't you, now? Never mind; when spring comes you 'll be scratchin' around with a hull raft of nice little chickies at your heels. We 'll teach them a fine trick or two, won't we, old Salvia?"

Salvia clucked over the corn appreciatively.

"Homer, Homer, come here, quick!"

Down the frozen path through the yard came Mrs. Tidd, with the little brown shawl wrapped tightly about her head. She fluttered a yellow envelop in her hand.

"Homer, boy, it's a telegraph come. I can't read it; I've mislaid my glasses."

Homer was by her side in a minute, tearing open the flimsy envelop.

"It's from Finch & Richards, mother," he cried excitedly. "They say, 'Take the first train to town without fail.'"

"What do you s'pose they want you for?" asked Mrs. Tidd, with an anxious face.

"Pr'aps the store's burned down," gasped Homer. He brushed one rough hand across his eyes. "Poor Dan'l Webster an' Gettysburg! I did n't know anybody could set so much store by turkeys."

"Maybe 't ain't nothin' bad, Homer." Mrs. Tidd laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Maybe they want you to give an extra early show or somethin'." She suggested it cheerfully.

"Maybe," echoed Homer. "But, mother, I've got to hurry to catch that 7.30 train."

"Let me go with you, Homer."

"You don't need to," cried the boy. "It probably ain't nothin' serious."

"I'm goin'," said Mrs. Tidd, decisively; "you don't s'pose I could stay here doin' nothin' but waitin' an' wond'rin'?"

Mrs. Tidd and Homer caught a car at the city depot. Five minutes later they stood in front of Finch & Richards's big market.

"Mother," whispered the boy, as he stepped off the car, "mother, my turkeys! They're not there! Something's happened. See the crowd."

They pushed their way through a mob that was peering in at the windows and through the windows of locked doors. The row of plump turkeys was not hung this morning under the big sign; the magnificent window display of fruit and vegetables had been ruthlessly demolished.

"What do you s'pose can have happened?" whispered Mrs. Tidd, while they waited for a clerk to come hurrying down the store and unlock the door.

Homer shook his head.

Mr. Richards himself came to meet them.

"Well, young man," he cried, "I've had enough of your pesky bird show. There's a hundred dollars' worth of provisions gone, to say nothing of the trade we are turning away. Two days before Thanksgiving, of all times in the year!"

"Good land!" whispered Mrs. Tidd. Her eyes were wandering about the store. It was scattered from one end to the other with wasted food. Sticky rivers trickled here and there across the floor. A small army of clerks was hard at work sweeping and mopping.

"Where's my turkeys?" asked Homer.

"Your turkeys, confound them!" snarled Mr. Richards. "They're safe and sound in their crate in my back store, all but that blasted old gobbler you call Dan'l Webster. He's doing his stunts on a top shelf. We found him there, tearing cereal packages into shreds. For mercy's sake, go and see if you can't get him down. He has almost pecked the eyes out of every clerk who has tried to lay a finger on him. I'd like to wring his ugly neck!"

Mr. Richards's face grew red as the comb of Dan'l Webster himself.

Homer and his mother dashed across the store. High above their heads strutted Dan'l Webster with a slow, stately tread. Occasionally he peered down at the ruin and confusion below, commenting upon it with a lordly, satisfied gobble.

"Dan'l Webster," called Homer, coaxingly, "good old Dan'l, come an' see me."

The boy slid cautiously along to where a step-ladder stood.

"Dan'l," he called persuasively, "would n't you like to come home, Dan'l?"

Dan'l perked down with pleased recognition in his eyes. Homer crept up the ladder. He was preparing to lay a hand on one of Dan'l's black legs when the turkey hopped away with a triumphant gobble, and went racing gleefully along the wide shelf. A row of bottles filled with salad-dressing stood in Dan'l's path. He cleared them out of the way with one energetic kick. They tumbled to a lower shelf; their yellow contents crept in a sluggish stream toward the mouth of a tea-box.

"I'll have that bird shot!" thundered Mr. Richards. "That's all there is about it."

"Wait a minute, sir," pleaded Mrs. Tidd. "Homer 'll get him."

Dan'l Webster would neither be coaxed nor commanded. He wandered up and down the shelf, gobbling vociferously into the faces of the excited mob.

"Henry, go and get a pistol," cried Mr. Richards, turning to one of his clerks.

"Homer,"—Mrs. Tidd clutched the boy's arm,— "why don't you make b'lieve you 're shootin' Dan'l? Maybe he 'll lie down, so you can git him."

Homer called for a broom. He tossed it, gun fashion, across his shoulder, and crept along slowly, sliding a ladder before him to the spot where the turkey stood watching with intent eyes. He put one foot upon the lowest step, then he burst out in a spirited whistle. It was "Marching through Georgia." The bird stared at him fixedly.

"Bang!" cried Homer, and he pointed the broom straight at the recreant turkey.

Dan'l Webster dropped stiff. A second later Homer had a firm grasp of the scaly legs. Dan'l returned instantly to life, but the rebellious head was tucked under his master's jacket. Dan'l Webster thought he was being strangled to death.

"There!" cried Homer, triumphantly. He closed the lid of the poultry-crate and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "There! I guess you won't get out again."

He followed Mr. Richards to the front of the store to view the devastation.

"Who 'd have thought turkeys could have ripped up strong wire like that?" cried the enraged market man, pointing to the shattered door.

"I guess Dan'l began the mischief," said Homer, soberly; "he 's awful strong."

"I 'm sorry I ever laid eyes on Dan'l," exclaimed Mr. Richards. "I 'll hate to see Finch. He 'll be in on the 4.20 train. He 's conservative; he never had any use for the turkey show."

"When did you find out that they—what had happened?" asked Homer, timidly.

"At five o'clock. Two of the men got here early. They telephoned me. I never saw such destruction in my life. Your turkeys had

sampled most everything in the store, from split peas to molasses. What they did n't eat they knocked over or tore open. I guess they won't need feeding for a week. They 're chuckful of oatmeal, beans, crackers, peanuts, pickles, toothpicks, prunes, soap, red herrings, cabbage—about everything their crops can hold."

"I 'm awful sorry," faltered Homer.

"So am I," said Mr. Richards, resolutely. "Now, the best thing you can do is to take your flock and clear out. I 've had enough of performing turkeys."

Homer and his mother waited at the depot for the 11 o'clock train. Beside them stood a crate filled with turkeys that wore a well-fed, satisfied expression. Somebody tapped Homer on the shoulder.

"You 're the boy who does the stunts with turkeys, are n't you?" asked a well-dressed man with a silk hat, and a flower in his buttonhole.

"Yes," answered the boy, wonderingly.

"I 've been hunting for you. That was a great rumpus you made at Finch & Richards's. The whole town 's talking about it."

"Yes," answered Homer again, and he blushed scarlet.

"Taking your turkeys home?"

Homer nodded.

"I 've come to see if we can keep them in town a few days longer."

The boy shook his head vigorously. "I don't want any more turkey shows."

"Not if the price is big enough to make it worth your while?"

"No!" said Homer, sturdily.

"Let us go into the station and talk it over."

On Thanksgiving afternoon the Colonial Theater, the best vaudeville house in the city, held a throng that had dined well and was happy enough to appreciate any sort of fun. The children—hundreds of them—shrieked with delight over every act. The women laughed, the men applauded with great hearty hand-claps. A little buzz of excitement went round the house when, at the end of the fourth turn, two boys, instead of setting up the regulation big red number, displayed a brand-new card. It read: "Extra Number—Homer Tidd and his Performing Turkeys." A shout of

delighted anticipation went up from the audience. Every paper in town had made a spectacular story of the ruin at Finch & Richards's. Nothing could have been so splendid a surprise. Everybody broke into applause—

in one corner, hay tumbled untidily from a barn-loft, a coop with a hen and chickens stood by the fence. From her stall stared a white-faced cow; her eyes blinked at the glare of the footlights. The orchestra struck up a merry



"HOMER THREW UP HIS HEAD AND LED THE TURKEY MARCH ROUND AND ROUND PAST THE FOOTLIGHTS."

everybody except one little woman who sat in the front row of the orchestra. Her face was pale, her hands clasped and unclasped each other tremulously. "Homer, boy," she whispered to herself.

The curtain rolled up. The stage was set for a realistic farm-yard scene. The floor was scattered with straw, an old pump leaned over

tune; the cow uttered an astonished *moo*; then in walked a sturdy lad with fine broad shoulders, red hair, and freckles. His boots clumped, his blue overalls were faded, his sweater had once been red. At his heels stepped six splendid turkeys, straight in line, every one with its eyes on the master. Homer never knew how he did it. Two minutes earlier he had said to

the manager, desperately: "I'll cut an' run right off as soon as I set eyes on folks." Perhaps he drew courage from the anxious gaze in his mother's eyes. Hers was the only face he saw in the great audience. Perhaps it was the magnificent aplomb of the turkeys that inspired him. They stepped serenely, as if walking out on a gorgeously lighted stage was an every-day event in their lives. Anyhow, Homer threw up his head and led the turkey march round and round past the footlights, till the shout of applause dwindled into silence. The boy threw back his head and snapped his fingers. The turkeys retreated to form in line at the back of the stage.

"Gettysburg," cried Homer, pointing to a stately plump hen. Gettysburg stepped to the center of the stage. "How many kernels of corn have I thrown you, Getty?" he asked.

The turkey turned to count them, with her head cocked reflectively on one side. Then she scratched her foot on the floor.

"One, two, three, four, five!"

"Right! Now you may eat them, Getty."

Gettysburg wore her new-won laurels with an excellent grace. She jumped through a row of hoops; slid gracefully about the stage on a pair of miniature roller-skates; she stepped from stool to chair, from chair to table, in perfect time with Homer's whistle and a low strain of melody from the orchestra. She danced a stately jig on the table, then, with a satisfied cluck, descended on the other side to the floor. Amanda Ann, Mehitable, Nancy, and Farragut achieved their triumphs in a slow dance made up of dignified hops and mazy turns. They stood in a decorous line awaiting the return of their master,

for Homer had dashed suddenly from the stage. He reappeared, holding his head up proudly. Now he wore the blue uniform and jaunty cap of a soldier boy; a gun leaned on his shoulder.

The orchestra put all its vigor, patriotism, and wind into "Marching through Georgia." Straight to Homer's side, when they heard his whistle, wheeled the turkey regiment, ready to keep step, to fall in line, to march and counter-march. Only one feathered soldier fell. It was Dan'l Webster. At a bang from Homer's rifle he dropped stiff and stark. From children here and there in the audience came a cry of horror. They turned to ask in frightened whispers if the turkey was "truly shot." As if to answer the question, Dan'l leaped to his feet. Homer pulled a Stars and Stripes from his pocket and waved it enthusiastically; then the orchestra dashed into "Yankee Doodle." It awoke some patriotic spirit in the soul of Dan'l Webster. He left his master, and, puffing himself to his stateliest proportions, stalked to the footlights to utter one glorious, soul-stirring gobble. The curtain fell, but the applause went on and on and on! At last, out again across the stage came Homer, waving "Old Glory." Dan'l Webster, Gettysburg, Amanda Ann, Nancy, Mehitable, and Farragut followed in a triumphal march. Homer's eyes were bent past the footlights, searching for the face of one little woman. This time the face was one radiant flush and her hands were adding their share to the deafening applause.

"Homer, boy," she said fondly. This time she spoke aloud, but nobody heard it. An encore for the "Extra Turn" was so vociferous, it almost shook the plaster from the ceiling.





### THE CHILD IN THE GLASS.

BY MARY SIGSBEE KERR.

THE child who lives in the looking-glass  
Is always waiting to see me pass;  
She never seems to run and play,  
But watches there for me all day:  
For every time I go and see,

I find her peeping round at me.  
One day when I was cross and cried,  
She stretched her mouth so very wide,  
I had to laugh — then she did, too;  
She likes to do just what I do.

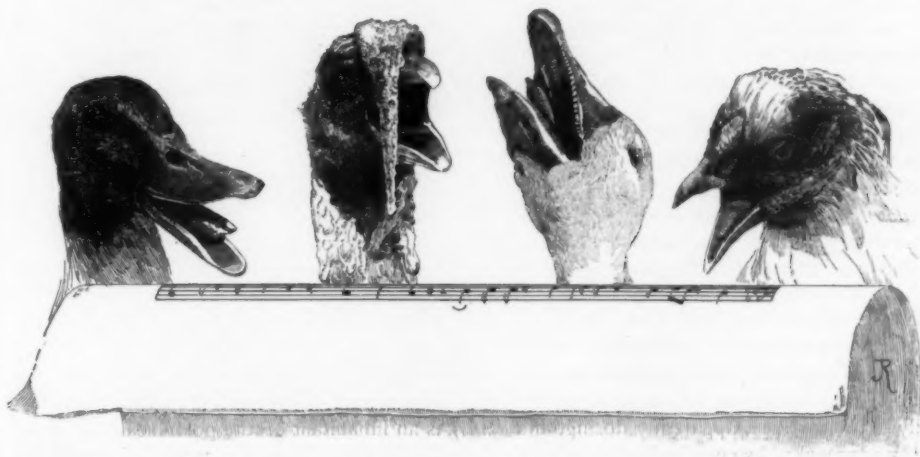
## IN THE FIRST READER.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

"AND are the lessons hard?" she asked,  
While spreading jam on thickly.  
"Hard, mother? I should say they were!"  
He answered very quickly.

"We've reading, writing, 'rithmetic,  
And spelling — that's another.  
The teacher said, 'Add twelve and nine' —  
I almost had to, mother!"

"Almost!" his puzzled mother said,  
Half wondering if he knew it.  
"Yes, almost — for she asked me to;  
Only — I could n't do it!"



THE DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING—A GLEE BY THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

# NATURE and SCIENCE for Young Folks

## THE GIANT FISHES OF THE SEA.

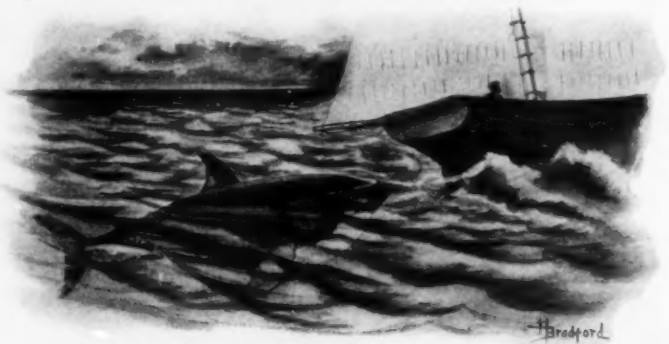
MANY people, including some scientists, believe that there exist in the sea to-day monster animals—sea-serpents, leviathans, and giant fishes—which have never been captured, and hence are unknown to zoölogists and have no place in scientific books. Whatever may be the facts in regard to such creatures, there are well-known members of the fish class which deserve to be regarded as monsters, and which may have given rise to the sea-serpent stories. Some of the most noteworthy of these fishes are here referred to and illustrated.

At the mention of giant fishes, many young folk will at once think of the sharks, among which, indeed, are found the largest existing fishes. Of the numerous kinds of sharks noteworthy on account of their size, there are four in the front rank; these are the sleeper-shark, the man-eater shark, the basking-shark, and the whale-shark.

The sleeper-shark, whose scientific name (*Somniosus microcephalus*, meaning sleepysmall-headed fish) fits it so admirably, appears to have developed its body at the expense of its brain, for it is a sluggish, stupid glutton, about six times as long as the average man. Its home is in the Arctic regions, but it sometimes makes visits as far south as Massachusetts, Oregon, and the British Isles. It is usually seen lying quietly at the surface, apparently dozing, and is easily approached by vessels; but sometimes, when hungry, it rouses itself and goes in

search of its prey, fiercely attacking and injuring whales, apparently unconscious of the great difference in their respective sizes.

One of the largest, and perhaps the most formidable, of sharks is the "man-eater," or great blue shark (*Carcharodon carcharias*). It roams through all temperate and tropical seas, and is everywhere dreaded. Its maximum length is forty feet, and its teeth are three inches long. While there are few authentic records of sharks attacking human beings, there have undoubtedly been many cases of sharks simply swallowing people who have fallen overboard, just as they would swallow any other food. How easy it would be for a man-eater to devour a person, may be judged



A MAN-EATER SHARK IN THE WAKE OF A VESSEL.  
(It is about forty feet long when full-grown.)

from the finding of a whole hundred-pound sea-lion in the stomach of a thirty-foot shark on the California coast. A certain man-eater, thirty-six and a half feet long, had jaws twenty inches wide inside, and teeth two and a half inches long.

The basking-shark, known also as the elephant-shark and bone-shark (*Cetorhinus maximus*), is an inhabitant of the polar seas, but is occasionally observed as far south as Virginia and California, and some years ago was not rare

on the English and New England coasts. It reaches a maximum length of fifty feet, and is exceeded in size by only three or four animals now alive. Provided with small teeth, it feeds on fishes and floating crustaceans, and is not of a ferocious disposition. It is dangerous only because of its great bulk, and when attacked its powerful tail easily demolishes small boats. The basking-shark was formerly hunted on the coasts of Norway and Ireland for its oil; it was also sought on the shores of Massachusetts in the early part of the last century; and many of these sharks from twenty-five to thirty-eight feet long were recorded. The liver of a large specimen sometimes yielded twelve barrels of oil.

The largest of all fishes, the largest of all cold-blooded animals, and the largest of all existing animals, except a few kinds of whales, is the whale-shark (*Rhineodon typicus*), originally discovered at the Cape of Good Hope, but now known in Japan, India, South America, Panama, California, and elsewhere, a specimen having recently been obtained in Florida. This shark is said to attain a length of seventy feet, and is known to exceed fifty feet.

A fish of such peculiar form that the Italians call it *mola* (millstone), and the Spaniards *pez luna* (moonfish), is known to Americans and English as the sunfish, for it appears at the surface of the ocean on bright days and spends many hours basking listlessly in the sun, sometimes lying flat with one side out of the water, sometimes with the back fin projecting like a



OCEAN SUNFISH SUNNING THEMSELVES.  
(They are about eight feet long when full-grown.)

buoy above the surface. The fish is disk-shaped, its height nearly equaling its length. It is one of the most grotesque of fishes, being apparently nearly all head. Of almost worldwide distribution, it is particularly abundant on the southeastern coast of the United States and on the California coast. It swims but little, being usually content to be drifted along by the ocean currents. The Gulf Stream wafts many a sunfish north each summer, so that the species is not rare off southern New England. That the fish deserves a place on the list of giant fishes may be judged from the fact that examples weighing from two hundred to five hundred pounds are not rare, and that much larger ones are occasionally met with. The weight of the largest known specimen, caught in 1893, at Redondo Beach, California, was eighteen hundred pounds. On such a monster, lying on its side, there would be room for thirty men to stand.

In the lagoons, sounds, and bayous of the West Indies and our southern coast, there exists in abundance a fish of great length, called the sawfish. The species is well known to those who reside on or visit the South Atlantic and Gulf seaboard, and the "saws" are familiar objects in "curio" stores all over the country. This fish has a broad, depressed body, and its greatest length exceeds twenty feet. The largest examples have saws six feet long, and a foot wide at the base, with teeth several inches long. The sawfish is without commercial value, and is never sought, but it has the faculty of



A SAWFISH ENTANGLED IN A NET.  
(This fish is about twenty feet long when full-grown.)



A HORSE-MACKEREL, OR GREAT TUNNY, CHASING MENHADEN.

(The great tunny is about fifteen feet in length when full-grown.)

getting entangled in the fishermen's nets and badly damaging them in its struggles to escape, so that the fishermen regard it as a nuisance, and have to handle it with care in order to avoid the serious injury that might be inflicted by a lateral sweep of a big fish's saw.

The valuable mackerel family has one member which easily ranks first in size among the "bony fishes," as distinguished from the sharks, rays, sturgeons, etc., which have gristly skeletons; this is the horse-mackerel, or great tunny (*Thunnus thynnus*), whose range encircles the globe, and which is an object of fisheries in many countries, notably southern Europe. Built on the compact and graceful lines of our common mackerel, it excels in speed, alertness, and vigor among the fishes of the high seas, and might very easily make a trip across the ocean in one third the time of our fastest steamships. It preys on all kinds of small fish, and is often seen playing havoc among schools of luckless herring and menhaden. Fifteen feet is about its maximum length, and fifteen hundred pounds its estimated maximum weight, although it is likely that this weight is considerably exceeded. Thirty tunnies harpooned by one fisherman during a single season weighed upward of thirty thousand pounds. A mutilated specimen ten feet long was found by the writer on the coast of Massachusetts; its head weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds; its carcass about twelve hundred pounds.

Among the rays are several members which reach colossal proportions. The largest and best known of these is the so-called "devil-fish" (*Manta birostris*) of our South Atlantic coast and the tropical waters of America. It occasionally strays as far north as Cape May, and is common south of Cape Hatteras. It is shaped like a butterfly or bat, and has been called the "ocean vampire." Projecting from either side of the head is a horn-like appendage, which, in reality, is a detached part of the pectoral fin, or "wing"; these horns, to which the name "devil-fish" owes its origin, are sometimes three feet long, and are movable, being used for bringing food to the mouth. Many years ago, the pursuit of this fish was a favorite pastime of the Carolina planters; and William Elliott, in his "Carolina Sports by Land and Water," says: "Imagine a monster from sixteen to twenty feet across the back,



GIANT RAYS, OR DEVIL-FISHES.

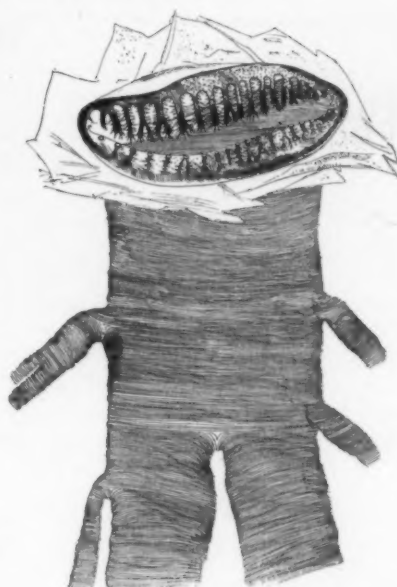
(They are about twenty-five feet wide when full-grown.)

full three feet in depth, possessed of powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which he drives himself furiously in the water, or vaults high in the air." There are well-authenticated instances of this fish entangling its horns in the anchor ropes of small vessels and towing the vessels rapidly for long distances, to the mystification of the people on board. The expanse of body is greater in this species than in any other known animal. Examples sixteen feet wide are common, and those twenty feet across and over four feet thick are not rare. The maximum width is stated by authors to be from twenty-five to thirty feet. One specimen, of which the writer has a photograph, caught in Lapaz Bay, Mexico, many years ago, by the crew of the U. S. S. *Narragansett*, of which Admiral Dewey was then captain, was seventeen feet wide and weighed nearly two tons. A fish of the largest size mentioned would weigh not less than six tons. HUGH M. SMITH.

#### HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

INSECTS cannot breathe through their mouths as can most of the higher forms of animal life, nor do they have their breathing-openings near the mouth.

The early part of the insects' lives is chiefly spent in eating, and their mouths are so largely

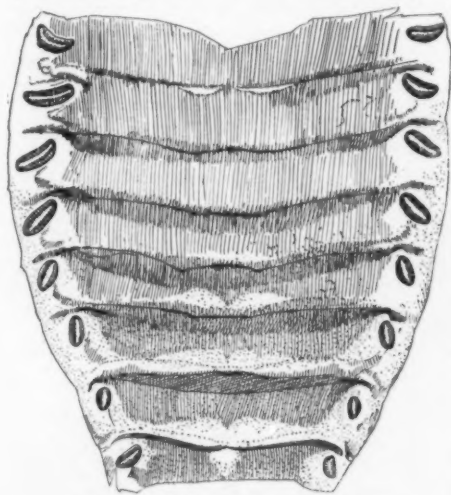


THE BREATHING APPARATUS OF AN INSECT  
(SPIRACLE AND TRACHEA).

engaged in this work that it would not be possible to use them also for breathing; while to have their nostrils in the immediate vicinity of their mouths would be very inconvenient. They must therefore be supplied with air in some other way.

Accordingly Mother Nature has little breathing-openings on the various segments of which their bodies consist. Scientists call these openings spiracles. Hold a locust between your fingers and watch the breathing movements of the body. Professor Packard says: "There were sixty-five contractions in a minute in a locust which had been held between the fingers about ten minutes." How does that compare with the number of breaths you take each minute? Insects of swiftest flight breathe most rapidly.

Each spiracle is guarded by little projecting spines which form a latticework or grate to keep out dust, etc. After passing through the spiracle the air is conducted to all parts of the body by tubes made by tiny spiral threads. This microscopic tube is something similar in form to a curl of hair made by brushing the hair around a curling-stick and then pulling out the stick.



THE "NOSTRILS"—THE BREATHING-HOLES ON  
THE SIDE OF A CRICKET.

9 "BECAUSE WE  
WANT TO KNOW"  
????????????

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York.

#### FEATHERS OF WOUNDED DOVES.

WAYCROSSE, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you tell me why doves shed their feathers when wounded?

ROBERT MURPHY (age 13).

Doves or pigeons do not shed their plumage when wounded. The feathers cut by the shot, and those in the injured skin (not very strongly attached) near the wound, would of course drop out; hence the incorrect belief, common in many places, on which your question is based.

#### UPPER AND LOWER SIDES OF A LEAF.

WEST SUTTON, MASS.

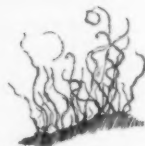
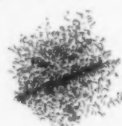
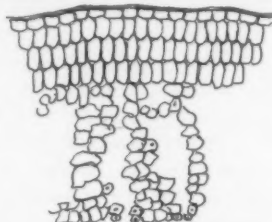
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me why a leaf is of lighter color on the under than on the upper side. I have noticed this especially on grape-leaves.

ALICE R. KNOWLES.

If a leaf, especially one thin and somewhat translucent, is examined by the aid of a compound microscope, it will be seen that the green pulp has the appearance somewhat of a honeycomb. There is an immense number of cells, some in rows and some irregularly arranged. A few of these cells are colorless and others contain more or less of the green color-

ing matter of the plant formed by the action of sunlight. Botanists call this green matter chlorophyl. The cells on the upper part of the leaf that are especially exposed to sunlight are well filled with chlorophyl, and are long and narrow, packed side by side closely together. These are called "palisade" cells.

The lower green cells do not contain so much coloring matter, differ from one another in shape and size, and are laid together loosely, often with very minute air-spaces between



#### SECTIONS OF A LEAF.

Drawn under a microscope. At upper left are shown the palisade cells. Below these in the same figure are the cells "laid together loosely, often with very minute air-spaces between them." The two lower figures and the upper right show the fuzzy appearance of the leaf. This is very beautiful when seen in a strong light by the aid of a good microscope.

them. This makes the under side of the leaf a lighter shade of green. Sometimes the light may be so reflected from these air-spaces as to give the leaf even a silvery or grayish appearance.

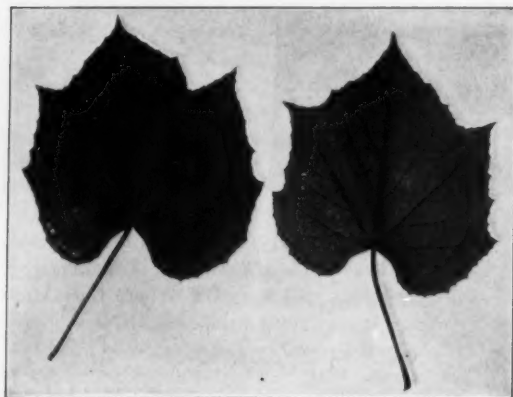
#### A "LIZARD" IN THE GROUND.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last August I found a curious thing up in Chocorua, New Hampshire. I was with some men who were digging a ditch behind our house, when they found a lizard about two feet below the surface. It was about six inches long, and was green. It crawled a little; but they killed it, thinking it must be poisonous. Could you tell me what it was?

Your interested reader,

MINTON M. WARREN.



Upper side. Under side.

A LEAF OF THE GRAPE-VINE.

This was probably our common newt of an olive-brownish color, going through some underground spring. I know of no animal of that size and lizard-shaped that would be likely to burrow as much as two feet in the ground.



Weeds are great travelers; they are, indeed, the tramps of the vegetable world. They are going east, west, north, south; they walk; they fly; they swim; they steal a ride; they travel by rail, by flood, by wind; they go under ground, and they go above, across lots, and by the highway.—JOHN BURROUGHS.

#### THE BEAUTY AND INTEREST OF WEEDS.

DECATUR, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Across the commons from us there stands a little brown house where nothing thrives but poverty and weeds and happiness. Year after year the garden fails and the flowers die, but the weeds grow tall and straight and strong, and bring joy to the Little Girl. The Little Girl is a strange little girl. All the drowsy summer afternoons she lies in the shade of the great ragweeds, and dreams and plays. To her the ragweeds are



"LO! THERE STANDS AN ANCIENT DAME IN GREEN KIRTLE AND CRUMPLED YELLOW PETTICOATS."

This is the fruiting of the Indian mallow (*Abutilon*).



"THIS, INVERTED, THE LITTLE GIRL USES AS A POTATOMASHER FOR HER PEBBLE POTATOES."

not ragweeds: they are tall, glorious trees wherein dwell wondrous songsters; a lady-bug is a redbird, and a wandering fly a nightingale. At her head in a break in the ragweeds grows a tall buttonweed. To the Little Girl its rich, golden blossom is as beautiful as the choicest rose. In the center is a wonderful bed of stamens—and the sepals and petals are a gaily painted fence. Or, sometimes, the Little Girl turns them upside down, and lo! there stands an ancient dame in green kirtle and crumpled yellow petticoats. The seed-pod is no less wonderful to her. Many a time she has



"THE GREEN-GOLDEN BERRIES FURNISH ORANGES FOR THE DOLLY'S TABLE."

pondered over its wondrous molding, and the blending shades of green, light at the top and shading down into dark, almost black. This, inverted, the Little Girl uses as a potato-masher for her pebble potatoes—but in her heart there is no lack of reverence.

At her feet, in company with the "tickle-grass," the bull-nettle and nightshade grow side by side. To the Little

Girl the berries of the latter two are the most beautiful of all the weeds. Big brothers have forbidden her to touch them, but she does not understand, and the green-golden berries of the bullweed furnish oranges daily for the dolly's table. The strange structure of the nightshade berries she cannot understand; the thin transparent green walls through which the tiny seeds can be seen puzzle her.

"I guess they were made that way so that they could look up and see the stars," she confided to me, one day. She meant the pure white, star-shaped blossoms with their protruding little yellow eyes, and I could but agree.

A vigorous growth of smartweed with the delicate pink and red and white blossoms fringes her playhouse—some of the plants at least two feet high. These the Little Girl does not value so much; she plucks them to pieces, part by part, to see how many different colors of pink she can find, and then, in a fit of contrition, drops the poor mangled blossoms into the pan of cool water placed in the weeds for the chickens.

But far in the heart of the great weed patch there is a rich growth of goldenrod, and this, unsullied by the name of weed, is dearest of all the blossoms in the Little Girl's eyes. This she never plucks, but often, from my window, I see her bend over and press its sprays to her cheeks. Here big brothers have never penetrated, even in their wildest games of hide-and-go-seek; only the Little Girl, seeing with finer eyes, knows the heart of gold in the refuse. And so an interest, subtle and strange as the fragrance of the goldenrod, hangs over the Little Girl and her treasures.

MABEL FLETCHER (age 16).

#### WEEDS IN THE WEST.

RICHMOND, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If any of your readers are interested in weeds they should come to Kansas. We can furnish them with weeds of every conceivable



TICKLE-GRASS, OR WILD RYE.



THE BERRIES OF THE NIGHTSHADE.

ble description from March to November. To the child from the pavements they would be a source of never-ending delight; but to the farmer lad who has to hoe them they are just weeds — rank, ugly weeds, to be cut and beaten out of existence. The queen of Kansas weeds is, of course, the sunflower. It begins early, and, if left alone, it grows and grows, until in July the stalk, as big as my wrist, sends out the gold-and-brown faces nodding above my head. The sunflower grows mostly along the roadsides, for if a field is properly cultivated they are not hard to destroy.

The jimson is an energetic weed which is not at all particular as to its location. If it happens to be in a rich garden spot, it is not at all backward in making itself conspicuous. But a dry, hard feed-lot or barn-yard is where it feels most at home. There, if unmolested, they will grow so closely together and in such proportions that, trying to pass through them, one might think he had discovered a miniature forest. The plant has a white trumpet-shaped flower several inches long; and the seed-pod is about the size and shape of a good-sized plum, but covered with prickles. One of the most brilliant of weeds is the morning-glory. There is no lack of variety in color — sky-blue, deep purple, pink, or all these in one. When allowed to run riot they turn a thrifty (?) farmer's field into as beautiful a flower-garden as you ever saw. Imagine a field of Kaffir corn with stalks bending over with the weight of hundreds of glories. But the morning-glory which causes most sorrow for the farmer is the "white" morning-glory, called by some the "wild sweet potato." This is a perennial and has a fleshy root. It does no good to plow it up, for every joint of root or vine which touches the ground straightway sends out another plant.

There is the cockle-bur, which can be described only as a bur, just a little bunch of prickles. This is one of

the most troublesome of weeds. It generally grows after the corn is "laid by," and if the farmer is to thoroughly remove it he must go over the field and pull it by hand. In a field of fifty to one hundred and fifty acres this is no small task. There is also the stick-tight, or devil's bootjack. As the seeds grow on the stalk, they form a sort of ball; but let this brush against one's dress, it instantly flies to pieces, and each little seed or "boot-jack" turns upside down and fastens by its prongs.

Of the thistles, the most innocent-looking is the Russian thistle. When young, it looks like a handful of green hair. But as it grows the little hairs become stiff bushing stalks, changing the pretty little plant to an ugly thing almost as large as a wagon-wheel. When the wind loosens it from the earth it goes rolling and tumbling over the prairies until stopped by a fence or grove. For such a harmless weed, it caused quite a commotion on its advent to this country. Congress came very nearly appropriating a surprisingly large amount of money for its extermination.

Your constant reader,

FERN L. PATTEN (age 16).

#### THE WEEDS OF THE FIELDS.

WENDHAM, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Imagine a waste field, where the hand of man is not felt, a side-hill field bounded by a stone wall. Along the edge of the woods the black-berry bushes have grown tall and have mingled with the sumac that flaunts its glossy leaves in the bright sunshine. The late wild-roses and early goldenrod are here, but it is with the weeds that we are con-



THE WILD MORNING-GLORY.

cerned. As we enter the field, "the murmur of innumerable bees" comes to our ears, and pushing through the tall grass we come to a great patch of milkweed. The tall plants with their broad leaves look very pretty, and upon looking closer we find the reason for the bees' presence. A heavy blossom, or rather, a heavy cluster of little blossoms, hangs almost concealed under the leaves. The strong odor that they give out is disagreeable to most people; and I have known a horse to turn away in disgust after sniffing at the plants. On the under side of one of the leaves we discover the pretty caterpillar which makes its home here, and near by, flitting over the adjacent leaves, are several orange and black butterflies.

The wild carrot grows in profusion all around, and we must stop and look at a plant. The feathery leaves, almost the prettiest part of the plant, grow in a bunch upon the sand and from them rise the rough green stalks. How delicate the flowers are! The little brown speck in the center of each flower seems to accentuate the delicacy, and a pleasant carroty odor lingers around the plant, and grows stronger as we break the stems.

If we should take a look at this same field in winter



THE "WEEDY" SUNFLOWERS BY THE ROADSIDE.

we would see the dried flowers, known as bird's-nests, standing stiffly above the snow. A flock of chickadees, balancing on them, eat the sharp-pronged seeds, which seem to us hardly palatable.

CATHERINE LEE CARTER (age 14).

It is only when we desire to cultivate certain plants that others become weeds—for "a weed is a plant that persists in growing where it is not wanted." Hence the farmer is troubled with many weeds, for many kinds of plants struggle against the few kinds he wishes to have grow. Even the daisies in the mowing-lot and the goldenrod along by the pasture wall he regards as weeds. Aside from any desire to cultivate



QUEEN ANNE'S LACE IN A CORNER OF A FIELD.  
The pest of the farmer, the delight of the naturalist.

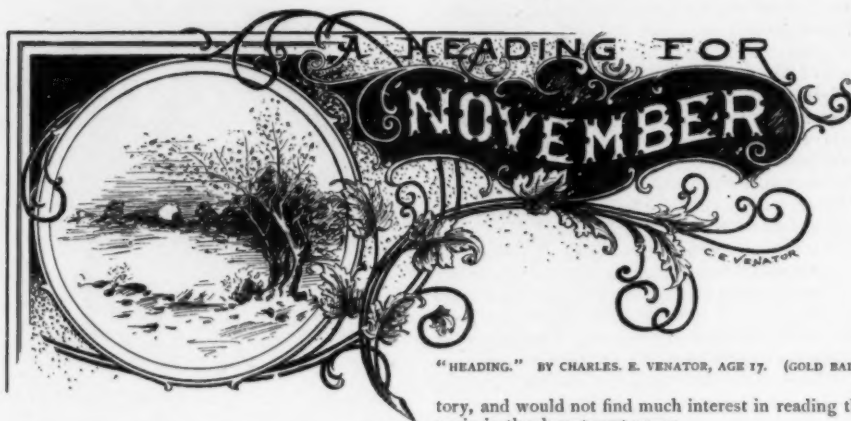
certain plants, our young folk regard all plants as does the grown-up botanist. All are beautiful and interesting, and none more so than those called weeds merely because they are very persistent in living and growing. And how interesting are the many forms and the zeal in the struggle for life! John Burroughs has well described them:

One is tempted to say that the most human plants, after all, are the weeds. How they cling to man and follow him around the world, and spring up wherever he sets his foot! How they crowd around his barns and dwellings, and throng his garden and jostle and override each other in their strife to be near him! Some of them are so domestic and familiar, and so harmless withal, that one comes to regard them with positive affection. . . . Knot-grass, that carpets every old dooryard, and fringes every walk, and softens every path that knows the feet of children, or that leads to the spring, or to the garden, or to the barn, how kindly one comes to look upon it!



THE WILD CARROT IN WINTER.

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



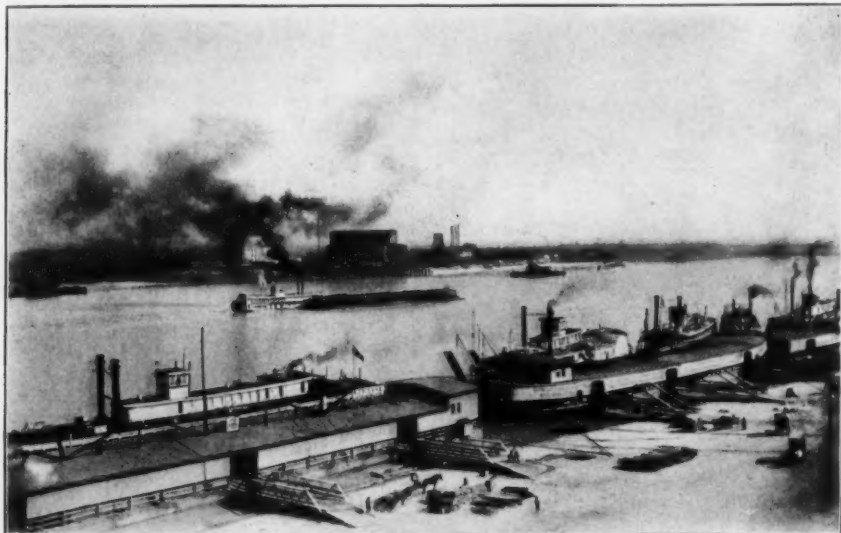
"HEADING." BY CHARLES E. VENATOR, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

OUR "Favorite Episode in American History" contest has brought out some interesting facts, as well as some excellent contributions. It has shown, for one thing, that more children are interested in the early history of the nation than in the more recent events; also, that of the old episodes, the battle of Trenton, the Signing of the Declaration, the victory of Paul Jones over the Serapis, and the battles of Lexington and Concord, are the favorites, about in the order named. Indeed, so many of each of these came in, and all so well written, that we have been obliged to omit them, taking it for granted that all the young people of the League are familiar with these chapters in our his-

tory, and would not find much interest in reading them again in the department pages.

For, as we have said before, we must edit for the readers as well as for the writers, and the incident that is less familiar, even if less picturesque and dramatic, is likely to be of more general interest than the old fireside story we all know, however well re-told; and this hint may perhaps act as a guide to the future. It is not necessary that episodes should be new,—there are very few such,—but only that they should not be the very, very old ones, such as every school Reader for several generations has contained.

We all love to remember the Christmas surprise given to the Hessians at Trenton, the boy who dashed away from the "Signing," crying, "Ring, Grandfather,



"DISTANCE," ST. LOUIS WATER-FRONT. BY HUGO GRAF, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)



"DISTANCE." BY DOROTHY WEIMAN, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

ring!" the cry, "Sir, I have not yet begun to fight!" and, "the shot heard round the world," but they have all been repeated so often in song and story that we of the League can afford to pass them, though with fond reluctance, for other events and stirring words that it will be well for us to learn, and to teach to others. Of course, one's favorite episode is his "favorite," and there is no more to be said. But with a wider reading and research, perhaps others would claim a place as favorites, too, if not *the* favorite. Perhaps, hereafter, we shall say "A favorite episode" instead of "My favorite episode," so that the old beloved school-book story may be put aside with a clear conscience.

#### PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 59.

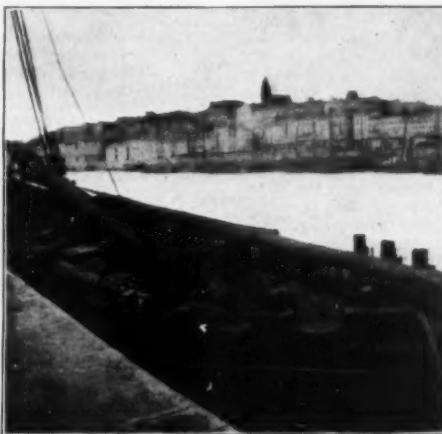
IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Gold badges, **Agnes Dorothy Campbell** (age 15), Monmouth, Polk Co., Ore., **Natalie D. Wurts** (age 16), 5219 Morris St., Germantown, Pa., and **Caroline Millard Morton** (age 16), 135 Superior St., Providence, R. I.

Silver badges, **William A. R. Russum** (age 14), 946 E. Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J., **Harriet Ruth Fox** (age 14), 622 W. 152d St., New York City, and **Eleanor Randolph Chapin** (age 11), 76 Porter Place, Montclair, N. J.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Rollin L. Tilton** (age 16), 123 S. Kingston Ave., La Grange, Ill., and **Mary E. Pidgeon** (age 14), Wadesville, Va.

Silver badges, **Emada A. Griswold** (age 13), 349 E. 53d St., Chicago, Ill., and **Margaret Spahr** (age 11), Kingsbridge Terrace, Kingsbridge, New York City.



"DISTANCE." BY ELSIE WORMSER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

**Drawing.** Gold badge, **Charles E. Venator** (age 17), 94 Napier St., Hamilton, Ont.

Silver badges, **Helen George** (age 13), 572 Benson St., Camden, N. J., and **Mildred Eastey** (age 14), 200 S. 7th St., San Jose, Cal.

**Photography.** Cash prize, **Hugo Graf** (age 17), 4545 N. Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Gold badge, **Dorothy Weiman** (age 11), The Newport, 16th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Elsie Wormser** (age 13), 2014 Webster St., San Francisco, Cal., and **Emma W. Horn** (age 16), Catasauqua, Pa.

**Wild Animal and Bird Photography.** First prize, "Adirondack Deer," **Gladys L. Carroll** (age 13), Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Second prize, "Robin," **Donald Jackson** (age 12), 2347 King's St., Denver, Col.



"DISTANCE." BY EMMA W. HORN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Third prize, "Gull's Nest," **Dorothy Arnold** (age 12), 11 Ten Broeck St., Albany, N. Y.

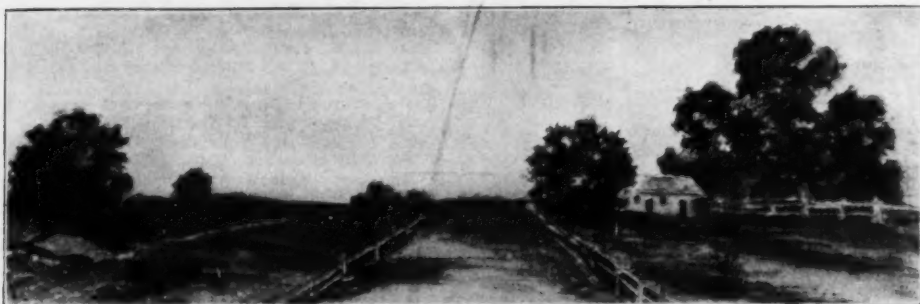
**Puzzle-making.** Cash prize, **Emerson Sutcliffe** (age 13), 47 Allerton St., Plymouth, Mass.

Gold badges, **Helen Carter** (age 14), Burlington, N. J., and **Edith Prindle** (age 16), Box 17, Barrington, Ill.

Silver badges, **Zeno N. Kent** (age 16), Chagrin Falls, O., and **Walter L. Dreyfuss** (age 16), 1239 Madison Ave., New York City.

**Puzzle-answers.** Gold badges, **Evelyn Goodrich Patch** (age 11), Berkshire, New York, and **Mary Randall Brown** (age 15), 2429 First Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth D. Lord** (age 14), 1214 Elk St., Franklin, Pa., and **Zena Parker** (age 15), Abingdon, Va.



"A NATURE STUDY." BY HELEN GEORGE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY ROLLIN L. TILTON (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE bright morning in the year 1862, a wooden sloop of something over one thousand tons, fitted with steam-power, dropped down the Mersey and sailed away. She touched in southern England, and after taking on more men, sailed to the Azores. On arriving there she was met by two steamers, which brought supplies and war materials to her.

When these were transhipped, the English flag, which she flew, was replaced by the Confederate flag, and it was announced that she was the Confederate steamer *Alabama*.

Semmes, for such was the Confederate captain's name, had orders to destroy all vessels flying the flag of the United States. From that time on, for two years, she destroyed many vessels—in all, about sixty-five.

At the end of that time, Semmes put in to Cherbourg for repairs, and two days later the United States ship *Kearsarge* appeared. Semmes, who wished to signalize himself by sinking a large war-ship, asked Captain Winslow of the *Kearsarge* to fight. This challenge was immediately accepted.

On Sunday, June 19, 1864, the *Alabama*, accompanied by a French ship, to see that they left French waters, steamed out to sea. An English yacht also went out with them to observe that which they expected would be a victory for the *Alabama*. No two vessels were more evenly matched, although the *Kearsarge* was the faster.

When they were seven miles from land, the *Kearsarge*, who was ahead, turned and steamed straight at the *Alabama*. The *Alabama* fired a broadside, which went wild. When nine hundred yards away the *Kearsarge* turned and fired a broadside. It told fearfully. Then the *Alabama* got a terrible hammering. She tried to close up with the *Kearsarge*, but the *Kearsarge* steamed round and round, firing constantly. Shots cleared the *Alabama's* decks; they smashed her engines, they tore her sides, and broke the masts. Then the *Alabama* put her bow toward France; but the *Kearsarge* was ahead of her, and the pounding continued until she struck her colors, and, throwing her bow in the air, disappeared in the sea.

The *Kearsarge* put out her boats to rescue the crew, and gave the English yacht permission also. In that way Semmes escaped to England, but he brought no more ships out.

### RURAL PLEASURES.

BY NATALIE D. WURTS (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

OH, the pleasures of the country,  
In the happy autumn time,  
Where the brook flows by, a-dancing  
To a mystic, rippling rhyme!

See the lazy munching cattle  
In the water plodding deep,  
And the bees still seeking honey  
From the flowers, now asleep.

And yonder toward the distant hills  
The hazy circles show  
A portent of dark days to come,  
Amid the blinding snow.

But now the air is all serene;  
Across the mound of grass  
Comes tripping, like a dainty queen,  
A pretty peasant lass.

She joins the harvesters at work  
Amid the golden hay;  
With care they stack the wagons up,  
And homeward wend their way.

Ah, little maid, thy lot is one  
That kings and queens would share,  
To labor in a world so bright,  
And breathe such fragrant air!

### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY MARY E. PIDGEON (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

MY favorite episode in American history is the first Thanksgiving.

The Pilgrims had a hard voyage over the Atlantic, and when they landed in America it was autumn, and the shores were bleak and desolate.

Think what must have been their feelings as they gazed on this, their future home, and then remember that they had left their own comfortable homes and their dearest friends for the sake of their religion!

During the long, hard winter that followed, when they had such poor, unsheltered homes, and when they had few comforts, no luxuries, and often not even the bare necessities of life, half of their number died.

When the summer came, however, and the days were longer, and the air grew warmer, they began to have a much brighter prospect, and they planted wheat, rye, barley, and Indian corn.

The latter grain a friendly Indian, named Squanto, had brought them and told them how to cultivate. Slowly the summer days ripened into autumn, and this time the people were much happier, for they had acres of grain, and the dense forest all around abounded in wild game, and the river was full of fish.

These blessings almost made the people feel that they had been fully repaid for leaving their own country, where they had been so cruelly persecuted.

And in November, the governor, Miles Standish, appointed a time for the people to have a great feast and give thanks for the many blessings of the past year.

So they sent four of their men out into the forest, with their guns, and they spent a whole day in shooting game.

Then they invited Massasoit, the Indian chief, and all his men, who had been very kind to them, to come and partake of their Thanksgiving feast with them.

The Indians, being very much pleased with the invitation, brought with them a present of five deer for the white men.

And the Indians and white men feasted and played games and had a merry time for three days.

This is the origin of our beautiful custom of setting apart, each year, a Thanksgiving Day.

#### SUMMER PLEASURES.

BY AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

On the bluffs, o'erlooking the bay, and the bar, and the ocean wide,

Stands the haunted harbor-light, unchanged by time and tide,—

Except each year a little more of the sand bluffs slips away,

And the tower 's more weather-beaten, washed by the winter's spray.

In the early morn, when the tide is out, and the brown reef-rocks lie bare,

When the fog is thick, or the sun shines bright, often we wander there;

We climb the winding stairs up to the haunted light,

And gaze on the bay and ocean, and the foam of the breakers white.

And, wondering, tell the story of the girl who, long ago,

Looked out from this turret-window, on the bay, stretched blue below,

With never a thought of danger more than we have to-day.

What became of her there, with her flying hair? What spirited her away?

Is the deep, dark hole in the turret-room some old-time smugglers' cave?

Is the cry that we hear but the sea-gull's call, far out on the ocean wave?

The pleasure is o'er; we finish the tale of the light seen through the dark,

And the passing out, o'er the bar below, of a phantom, nameless bark.

The dunes and hills and the stretching beach—'t is a pleasure to wander there,

And watch the ships go sailing by, and breathe deep of the ocean air.

But we leave the sea and the summer days, and scatter far and wide,  
And our pleasures are a memory, with the ebbing of the tide.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN ORIGINAL AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY EMADA A. GRISWOLD (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

THE battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, fought April 7, 1862, is my favorite.

My grandfather was the captain of Company A of the Eighth Regiment from Illinois, which was the first one formed in that State.

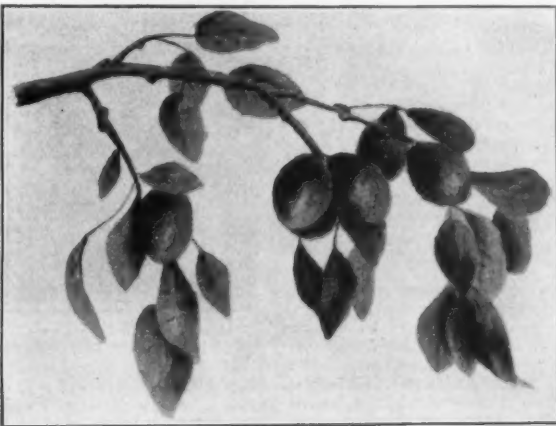
He and another soldier were called "The Little Captains," because they were the youngest officers in the Union army.

About the middle of the battle, a bullet struck my grandfather in the thumb of the right hand.

He made his way as best he could through the underbrush, with bullets flying all around him, to a little stream at the back of the ranks, to wash away the blood and see if he was badly hurt.

Before he started for the stream, he made up his mind he would *not* run. *He* was not going to be a coward! So afterward he went to one of the generals and asked: "Did you see me go back, General?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, General," asked my grandfather, "did I run?" The general answered, slowly: "N-no—not exactly—but you did some of the tallest walking ever I saw a man do!"

My grandfather afterward found that the lead from the bullet had melted and wrapped around his thumb



"A NATURE STUDY." BY MILDRED EASTEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

bone. A piece of it, however, was still loose, so he went to one of the soldiers who, he knew, had been a doctor before he entered the army, and had his finger examined to see if the loose piece could not be gotten out, but it was an unsuccessful attempt, for they did not get it out.

Later, it began troubling him so much that he went to one of his comrades who had a pair of pincers and finally succeeded in pulling it out.

The part that wrapped around the bone is still there, and he can always tell when it is going to rain, on account of his finger. It always feels heavy.



"ADIRONDACK DEER." BY GLADYS L. CARROLL, AGE 13.  
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL" PHOTOGRAPH.)

### PLEASURE IN LITTLE THINGS.

BY CAROLINE MILLARD  
MORTON (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

A BREATH of the stirring morning air,  
Untouched by the city's grime,  
But over the salty ocean blown  
From a purer, airier clime.

A glimpse of the mighty ocean,  
With its solemn sweep and roll;  
Or the sweet low tones of the  
Angelus,  
Calling "Listen!" to the soul.

A page or a line from a fine old book  
That strikes a note akin;  
Or the beauty of an unfolding mind  
Where wisdom is entering in.

A longed-for letter from a friend,  
Across the wide, deep sea,  
Or a glimpse of a strong, congenial  
face  
Where a future friend may be.

A wee, frail floweret, growing  
In hidden, lowly nook—  
All these may worlds of pleasure bring  
To him who will but look.

### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY MARGARET SPAHR (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

It is hard for me to tell which is my favorite episode in American history; but I believe it is the settling of Pennsylvania.

I like the Quakers better than the Puritans, because they remembered how they had been persecuted, and did not persecute those whose religion differed from theirs. The Puritans seemed to forget, for they persecuted the Quakers as fiercely as they were persecuted in England.

The King of England, Charles II, owed a large sum of money to Penn's father, which he did not like to pay to Penn because he was a Quaker. Instead, he granted him a large tract of land called Pennsylvania from Penn's sylvia (Penn's woods).

Penn, owning this land, resolved to make it a place of refuge for the Quakers. Some came soon after, in 1682. Penn himself came a little later.

The Quakers paid the Indians for the land, knowing, and rightly, that the land really belonged to them and not to the King of England. They also let the Indians live on the land they had sold.

At a council with the Indians, Penn said: "I will not call you my children, for fathers sometimes must punish their children. I will not call you 'Brother,' for brothers sometimes quarrel. But I will call you the same person as the white man. We are as two parts of the same body."

That quarrels might be decided without violence, the Indians were to choose six out of their number, and the Quakers six out of theirs. The twelve persons were to meet and settle the quarrel.

No wonder the Indians never troubled the Quakers!

### A WISHED-FOR PLEASURE.

BY ELEANOR RANDOLPH CHAPIN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

I WISH that I might learn to fly;  
Then I'd go sailing through the sky.

The little birds would turn with  
fright,

And flap their wings with all their  
might;

And I should say: "Ha, ha! He, he."

Oh, how important I should be!

My father 'd frown: "My daughter  
Jane,

Don't try that flying stunt again";

And mother 'd look at me and say:

"Don't fly too high, child, when you  
play."

"You need not fear," I should reply;

"I promise you I'll not go high."

My dearest friend, sweet Mary Ive,

Would cry: "Oh, gracious sakes  
alive!

Why, Janey White! Oh, I declare!

Pray tell me how you got up there?"

Then I should say: "T was easy,  
so,"—

And flap my arms, and off I'd go.



"ROBIN." BY DONALD JACKSON, AGE 13.  
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD" PHOTOGRAPH.)



"GULL'S NEST." BY DOROTHY ARNOLD,  
AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-  
BIRD" PHOTOGRAPH.)

Around the world I'd swiftly go—  
To France and Germany, you know;  
To London I should go and stay  
Perhaps a night or so, and day.  
Oh! please excuse this little sigh,  
But I do wish that I could fly.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY FRIEDA G. CARTY (AGE 14).

WHEN Washington was preparing to march upon Princeton, there lived, just outside of Trenton, a woman named Jinnie Waglum.

She happened to be visiting a friend at the True American Inn, at which Washington was stopping, when she heard of a great difficulty which stood in the way of the march upon Princeton. Washington and his men could not go by the highways, for if they did they would be observed by the enemy, and no one in the army was sufficiently familiar with the country to conduct them by any other route. Hearing this, Mrs. Waglum sent to Washington, saying that she knew the country very well, and that she would gladly guide his army. Washington was overjoyed, and accepted her services.

So she mounted her horse, and it was not long before she was at the head of the army, riding toward Princeton. It was a singular sight, the whole army of brave soldiers, headed by the patriotic woman, wending its way through woods and across meadows.

They reached Princeton, and the next day the battle took place.

First came Storm King in his grandeur, rising stern,  
abrupt, and steep,  
As the guardian of the Highlands, placed his silent  
watch to keep;  
At his feet flowed magic water, and he touched on  
elfin strand,  
For the precincts that he guarded all were those of  
fairyland.

Down beyond him rose old Cro' Nest with his mystic  
light and shade,

With the bluebells all a-ringing in the forest and the  
glade,

And I heard the tiny plashing  
of the little culprit  
fay,

Going forth to do his penance ere the breaking  
of the day.

Soon I heard the fairies  
singing, shouting loud  
their triumph cry,  
For the tiny elf returning  
from his journey in the  
sky;

And from out the wooded  
hillside shone the  
twinkling spark of  
light

Of his little flame-wood  
lantern, kindled by a  
comet bright.

On we passed; the moon  
was sinking, and her  
last faint silv'ry beam  
lingered for one fleeting  
instant, and then vanished  
from the stream.  
All the crickets stopped  
their chirping, and the  
bluebells all were still,  
And the fairy song was silent  
as we left th' enchanted hill.



"A NATURE STUDY." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, HONOR MEMBER.  
(SEE NOTE, PAGE 91.)

#### A MOONLIGHT PLEASURE SAIL.

BY HARRIET RUTH FOX (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

WE were gliding down the Hudson on a dreamy,  
moonlight night,  
And the inky waves were glist'ning in the mystic tranquil light,  
While on either side the Highlands, in majestic silence,  
rose,  
And their huge, dark forms seemed sleeping in a calm,  
serene repose.

Overhead the constellations seemed like forms of living  
light,  
To the south the gleaming Archer drew his bow of silver bright,  
And the myriad twinkling starlights journeying toward  
the western sky  
Showed the deep black mountains blacker as they  
passed their summits high.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY—LINCOLN-AND-DOUGLAS DEBATE.

BY MAUDE KING (AGE 13).

PROBABLY the most important historical event of the nineteenth century was the Civil War, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the Lincoln-and-Douglas debate did more than any other agency to mark the way for the "subversion of slavery." It consisted of a series of discussions, beginning at Chicago in July, and lasting until late in October. In our great daily newspapers these speeches were printed, and were so widely read that the whole American people were in a state of excitement.

It was a grand spectacle to see these speakers addressing from five to ten thousand people in the open air.

Each was conscious that he was not speaking to his hearers alone, but to the whole nation. There was no hall in Illinois large enough to welcome the vast crowds which gathered. Nature alone could afford



"THE YOSEMITE." BY JENNIE H. KINKAD, AGE 13.

sufficient space, and so the people assembled in the groves and prairies.

At first sight, the average spectator would probably sympathize with Douglas, commonly called "the little giant," he being the smaller man, but would likely change his mind before the close, seeing that Lincoln was so just and so courteous, while Douglas was at times irritable, and not even courteous.

Lincoln had several advantages over Douglas. He had the right side, and the people were coming to realize it. He had a better temper—always good-humored. His wit and illustrations were also an immense advantage. He was speaking for our country and for freedom. At times he rose to such a climax that the very words he uttered seemed to be kindled with fire. He must win, and win he would.

Yet we must respect Douglas. He was a mighty man, with a massive brain, and of a bold, resolute, fearless nature. He was very attractive, and everywhere popular, but his greatest blows did not annoy Lincoln in the least. Perhaps Douglas was saluted with the loudest cheers; but when Lincoln closed, the people seemed serious and thoughtful, and could be heard all through the crowd discussing the topics on which he had spoken.

These men have now passed away, but their names resound all over the world, and to those who had the opportunity of hearing these debates there will spring up in their minds a picture of the two champions who fought side by side in this great contest for the Union.

#### MY PLEASURES.

BY WILLIAM A. R. RUSSUM (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My joys are few and far between,  
For in the height of my elation  
Something always comes to break  
The harmony of the occasion.

Once, when my Ma had friends to lunch,  
I e'en forgot to doff my cap;  
And, when I 'd spilt the apple sauce,  
I broke my boiled egg in my lap.

The day that Pa bought me my wheel  
I ran into a trolley-car,  
And when I gained my feet again,  
I found I 'd smashed the handle-bar.

Once, with my gun, like hunter bold,  
I went to shoot the birds that soar;

A shot into a hot-house sped,  
And now I see my gun no more.

And once I built a fairy boat,  
With rudder true and timber sound,  
But, when 't was launched upon the lake,  
The boat, it sunk; I nearly drowned.

And so my pleasures—don't you see?—  
Are fraught with woe and tribulation,  
For something always comes to break  
The harmony of the occasion.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE (AGE 13).

My favorite episode in the history of our great country is its first discovery by Leif, the son of Eric, who was the first settler, and, at that time, the King of Greenland.

As many interesting episodes as there are in our history I do not know why I should prefer this one. It may be because of the golden cloud of mystery hanging about it, which attracts and holds my mind in delightful speculation.

Long ago, in the last year of the tenth century, Leif the Lucky was sent by his beloved friend, King Olaf of Norway, to carry the Gospel to his father and all the people of Greenland.

But Eric the Red was one of Thor's most earnest worshipers, and rather than accept the Christian reli-



"DISTANCE." BY EUGENIE ROOT, AGE 14.

gion, he disowned Leif, his pride in his hospitality alone keeping him from ordering his son from the kingdom.

Leif, who held his mission dearer than life, was resolved to convert his father at any cost, and so sought to please him by some great deed.

On a beautiful day early in the eleventh century "The Lucky One" set out with his little crew of thirty-five men to discover a new country, of which an old sailor, who had been blown far out to sea, told many tales.

After many days of sailing, and after he had touched at many points of unknown land, Leif came in sight of a country more beautiful than any he had yet seen. This land was our own continent.

Soon the viking ship was sailing in the waters of the Narragansett Bay. The Northmen landed on what is now the Massachusetts shore, built huts, and stayed in this sunny land for one year.

What we know now as Massachusetts was at that time called Vinland by the request of Leif's foster-father, because of the quantities of grapes found there.

Although Leif made many more voyages to this land, the news of his discovery never went farther than Norway, and Columbus has the glory of being the first discoverer of our land.

#### PLEASURES.

BY GRACE LESLIE JOHNSTON (AGE 11).

It's a pleasure to see the blue ocean;  
It's a pleasure to see the green grass;  
It's a pleasure to feel the cool breezes,  
And see the big ships as they pass.

As we sit and gaze out on the ocean,  
And the birds, and the flowers, and stream,  
We can fancy we see the cold autumn,  
And November is there in our dream.

It looks cold, it looks snowy and dreary;  
It looks chilly, and winter draws near;  
But when it comes—skating and sledding!  
I'm glad that November is here.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 15).

BEFORE the surrender of Lee, the Confederate army was on the verge of starvation, because of the exhausted condition of the Southern States, and, owing to the blockade formed by the Federal fleet, little food could be smuggled into the South.

But no sooner had Lee surrendered than the stalwart soldiers of the Union showed their generosity and good will. They laid aside all their previous animosities, and shared their rations with their tattered and half-starved brethren, against whom they were fighting in a life-and-death struggle a few short days before.

"Yankee" and "Johnny boy" sat down by the same camp-fire, and drank coffee out of one tin cup, friends again after four long, bitter years.



"A BEAVER HOUSE." BY EVERETT STREET, AGE 8.

This may not be in itself an important event in our history, but it makes me proud of the fact that I am an American, that I can claim descent from one of those brave soldiers who took the initiative step in welcoming back the South into the Union.



"A NATURE STUDY." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, HONOR MEMBER. (SEE NOTE, PAGE 91.)

#### PLEASURE.

BY ELIZABETH BURRAGE (AGE 10).

WHEN I am down by the sea-shore,  
I love to dig in the sand,  
And I love to hear the big waves roar,  
As they dash in on the land.

And when I look out of my window,  
And see the waves and the spray,  
And when I hear the wind blow,  
Then my heart is happy and gay.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY DONALD GIBSON (AGE 15).

It was in 1804 that France sold to the United States the region vaguely known as Louisiana, and as President Jefferson was determined to learn something of this vast territory, he asked Congress for an appropriation to explore the Northwest by way of the Missouri River. The result was the Lewis and Clarke Expedition, which was commenced in May, 1804.

Captain Meriwether Lewis (Jefferson's secretary) and his friend Captain William Clarke, with their escort, launched their boats in Wood River, opposite St. Louis. They reached the Mandan Indian village,



sixteen hundred miles above St. Louis, in October, and, finding the Indians friendly, stayed there all winter.

On April 7 the journey was continued through an unknown country. The Little Missouri having been passed, the river became so narrow that it was difficult to tell the main stream from the tributary.

Captain Lewis went in advance to find the true course, and suddenly heard the voice of many waters. He hurried forward, and saw a sheet of water falling over a precipice eighty-seven feet, the Great Falls of the Missouri. The party camped at the site of the city of Great Falls for a month.

They entered the mountains on the 9th of July. At the forks of the Missouri it became absolutely necessary to use horses for crossing the Rocky Mountains, and these were purchased of the Indians.

The journey down the Columbia was long and hard, but they reached the Pacific Ocean in November, 1805, and built Fort Clatsop, where they remained until the spring of 1806.

Then began the homeward journey. When they had crossed the mountains, the party separated into three divisions, two of which were to go east by the Yellowstone River, and one under Captain Lewis to go by the Missouri.

After quite an uneventful voyage the entire force was reunited below the Yellowstone, August 12. The people at a settlement above St. Louis were surprised to see thirty ragged, bronze-faced men pass down the river. Some, however, remembered who they were and welcomed them heartily.

On September 23, 1806,

the ships came slowly into the water-front of St. Louis and the great Lewis and Clarke Expedition was at an end.

### PLEASURES.

BY MARGARET B. DORNIN (AGE 11).

WHEN I was at my summer home  
A beautiful time I had,  
For pleasures they were plentiful,  
And nothing there was sad.

I rode the old horse all around,  
I climbed the apple-tree,  
I watched the boats go in and out  
Of the harbor by the sea.

And the pond at the back of the  
house, you know,  
Was nothing but pure white;  
For lilies grew there in the open air,  
And closed themselves at night.

### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY MARY THORNTON (AGE 13).

DURING the War for Independence the Americans fought under a great many disadvantages. One of the greatest of these was the lack of proper clothing. Good uniforms were practically unknown. Men who procured enough clothes to keep out the weather were accounted lucky, and envied by their less fortunate comrades.

In winter the suffering was intense. With half-clothed bodies, bare feet, and half starved in addition, is it any wonder that the patriots died of cold and sickness on every side?

No. It is to be wondered at that more did not die.

One cold night in December, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, Lafayette lay in his tent. He was thinking of his family far away in France. For a moment he was back in the old château, talking and laughing with his sisters, and making his great dog leap over a stick held high in the air.

He was roused from his reverie by the footsteps of the sentry as he paced to and fro outside the tent. Suddenly the footsteps ceased. Going to the door to see what the matter was, Lafayette saw the man kneeling down in the snow, trying to arrange the bloody cloths tied around his feet—for he had no shoes.

"Poor fellow!" thought the marquis, "he is cold. I am cold from standing here for just a minute, and what must he, with so few clothes, be? I will give him my blanket."

He wrapped the blanket



"A NATURE STUDY." BY SHIRLEY WILLIS, AGE 15, HONOR MEMBER. (SEE NOTE, PAGE 91.)

about him and went up to the soldier, who had, by this time, again commenced pacing to and fro.

"You are cold," he said. "Is it not so? Here, take my blanket."

"But, sir," answered the soldier, although he eyed the blanket longingly, "I can't deprive you of your blanket."

"It does not deprive," returned the marquis, "for I have another."

And, putting the blanket into the soldier's hands, he went back into the tent, to lie shivering until morning.

"It may be, and is, wrong to tell lies," he murmured as he lay down, "but it is worse to let a human being freeze to death almost before your very eyes."

Now this little story may not be true, but I think it is very like the gallant young Frenchman who left home and country, wealth and friends, that he might do what he thought was right.

#### YOUTH'S PLEASURE IN AUTUMN.

BY MARGUERITE M. JACQUE (AGE 13).

Now Dame Nature, with a frown,  
Dons her very darkest gown,  
And the winds moan mournfully through the glen;  
While the leaves, so brown and sear,  
Rustle sadly on the ear,  
For now November reigns supreme again.

What are they among the trees,  
Flitting like a summer breeze,  
Making light the gloom and shadow  
as they fly?  
'T is a host of little hoods  
In these drear autumnal woods,  
Now a-nutting 'neath this chill  
November sky.

Oh, what pleasure they find  
here,  
Changing dreariness to cheer,  
As the alchemists did clay transform to gold!  
Oh, how sweet is sunny Youth  
In its innocence and truth,  
As it reaps the Old World's harvests hundredfold!

Oh, a sunny myth is Pleasure,  
To this weary world a treasure,  
As children are a light to somber fall!  
How we love her blithe caresses,  
And how lavishly she blesses  
The faces of these children, one and all!

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"HEADING." BY WESLEY E. DE LAPPE, AGE 17, HONOR MEMBER.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY CHARLOTTE ST. GEORGE NOURSE (AGE 9).

I DON'T know a great deal about history, but I think my favorite episode in American history is the time that the Narragansett Indians sent the snake-skin filled with arrows to Plymouth, to say that they were going to make war against the people in Plymouth. The people in Plymouth filled the snake-skin with bullets, and sent it back to the Indians, as if to say: "Shoot your arrows at us, and we will kill you with our bullets." And the Narragansetts were so afraid that they sent the snake-skin back again, and there was no war.

I don't know why this is my favorite episode in American history; perhaps it is that it shows the cowardliness of the Indians.

#### NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization formed of St. Nicholas readers. Every reader of the magazine, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to a badge and instruction leaflet on application.

#### \* PLEASURE.

BY JOSEPHINE E. SWAIN (AGE 11).

To stroll beside a sunny brook,  
And read in a secluded nook,  
Or in some shady woods to stray,  
From the fierce heat of a summer day;

To gather berries in a pail,  
Or on the waters clear to sail;  
To ride on loads of fragrant hay,  
And in a spacious barn to play;

To watch the firefly's matchless light  
As it illuminates the night;  
To gather pebbles on the shore:  
To do all these and many things

more—

is pleasure.



"A NATURE STUDY." BY CHARLOTTE WAUGH, AGE 15.



"HEADING." BY MARGARET DREW, AGE 9.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and to encouragement.

## VERSE 1.

Augustus McAdam  
Sarah Davis  
Dorothy Walker  
Helen Lombard Scho-  
bey  
Enza Alton Zellar  
Mabel Fletcher  
Harold Norris  
May Henderson Ryan  
Robert E. Dundon  
Mary Davis Heward  
Mary V. Springer  
Elsa Clark  
Roscoe H. Vining  
Doris Franklyn  
Margaret Minaker  
Anne Atwood  
Marguerite Stuart  
Marguerite Borden  
Julia Ford Fieberger  
Nannette F. Ham-  
burger  
Marguerite Eugénie  
Stephens  
Marion E. Lane  
Marie C. Wennerberg  
Frances Paine  
Nannie Clark Barr  
Marie Armstrong  
Arthur Perring  
Heward  
Frances Minor  
Hilda Kohn

## VERSE 2.

Mary E. Osgood  
Jessie Lee Kiall  
Frances Benedict  
Ivy Varian Walthe  
Blanche Leeming  
Mary Elizabeth Mair  
Louisa F. Spear  
Jessica Quincy Dob-  
son  
Carolyn Coit Stevens  
Marjorie Macy  
Elizabeth Chapin  
Eleanor Eunice Moody  
Gladys M. Cornish  
Katharine Shortall  
Frances Lubbe Ross  
Florence Isabel Miller  
Edith J. Minaker  
Erma Bertha Mixon  
Joseph B. Cumming,  
Jr.  
Dorothy Douglas  
Margaret Lowry  
Beers  
Margaret Lyon Smith  
Gladys Barnes  
Edith Sletzer  
Theodor Holton  
Emmeline Bradshaw  
Louise S. Miller  
Jessie Freeman Foster  
Mary Yeula Westcott

Hope A. Conant  
Irene Weil  
Anna Hunt Dennison  
Elinor G. Finch  
Mary Blossom Bloss  
Adelaide Nichols  
Elizabeth C. Beale  
Isabel Deborah  
Weaver  
Ina Allen  
Susan W. Wilbur  
Katherine E. Gordon  
Maurice Caplin Pol-  
lard  
Kathryn Macy  
Dorothy Smith

## PROSE 1.

Francis Marion Miller  
Olive H. Lovett  
Charlotte Baylies  
Josephine Buchanan  
Southworth Lancaster  
Alice Otis Bird  
Philip A. Orme  
Mary Elsie Newton  
Iola Dailey  
Vance Ewing  
Lucile Raymond  
Byrne  
Richardde Charms, Jr.  
Roy J. Clamptit  
Elizabeth White  
Dorothy Kuhns  
Helen L. Follansbee  
Gwendolen Haste  
Mary G. Bonner  
Dorothy Cooke  
May Thomas  
Theodore Bronson  
Mildred Ockert  
Marjorie H. Sawyer  
Katharine Marble  
Sherwood  
Elizabeth F. Yardley  
Mabel L. Smith  
Gladys Manchester  
Helen E. Patten  
Margaret Albert  
Carl Olsen  
Ella L. Wood  
Morris Mendelsohn  
Paul Ockert  
Paul S. Arnold  
Louis Everit De Forest  
Ralph Blackledge

## DRAWINGS 1.

John A. Ross  
Ella E. Preston  
Paul R. Lieder  
Frances Mitchell  
Helen E. Jacoby  
Everett Williamson  
Stanislaus F. McNeill  
Ethei Messervy  
Helen Mertzanzoff  
Verna Mae Tyler  
Alice Delano  
Vera Demens  
A. Brooks Lister

## PROSE 2.

Ethel Steinhilber  
Alice Braunsch  
Alma Wiesner  
Sara A. Parker  
Martin Janowitz  
E. E. Andrews  
Grace Boynton  
Vida J. Gaffa  
Gladys Lisk Brown  
Helen R. Schlesinger

## DRAWINGS 2.

Leonie Nathan  
Hugh Spencer  
Elizabeth Leonard  
Cordner H. Smith  
Ruth Felt  
Josephine Arnold  
Bonney  
Muriel R. Ivey  
Raymond Rohn  
Carrie Vehlen

Elma Joffron  
Philip C. Holden  
Fannie E. Luton  
Elizabeth Stockton  
Richard F. Bab-  
cock  
Beatie Townley  
Griffith  
Edythe Mary  
Crombie  
Edna Lilian Gillis  
Emily W. Browne  
Robert G. McBlair  
Winifred G. Smith  
Elizabeth Wilcox  
Pardee  
Margaret A.  
Dobson  
Mary Hazeltime  
Fewsmith  
Harriette Barney  
Burt  
Margaret Wrong  
Margaret S. Goodwin  
Frances Lichten  
Margaret Nicholson  
Jacob D. Bacon  
Margaret McKeon  
Annette Brown  
Elizabeth G. Freedy  
Lester J. Ross  
Bertha V. Emmerson  
Charles M. Foulke, Jr.  
Elsie Furbish  
Henry Olen  
Beauie B. Steyon  
Marie Atkinson  
Jeanette McAlpin  
Marcia Gardner  
Frances Kathleen  
Crisp  
Joan Spencer-Smith  
Mary M. P. Shepley  
Anna Zollars  
Florence Gardiner  
Anne Furman Gold  
Irene Fuller  
Ruth Wheelock Tol-  
man  
Olive Garrison  
Lena G. FitzHugh  
Elizabeth McCormick  
Margaret P. Merrill  
Marjorie Sibley Heck  
Mary W. Ball  
Katharine L. Havens  
Rosamond Coney  
Frances Varrell  
Helen I. Merriam  
Georgina Wood  
Jean Wolverton  
Margaret Lantz  
Daniell  
Clara Bucher Shanafelt  
Hilda Rowena Bron-  
son  
Eliza Seely  
Dwight P. Ely  
Katharine Thompson  
Robert Edmond Jones  
Elise H. Kinkead  
Margaret Hardee  
Catherine Goddard  
Bronson

## PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Emily Sibley  
Ruth Hopper  
Emily B. Randall  
L. J. Gamble  
Marian F. Butler  
Margaret Armour  
Helen L. K. Porter  
Alice Wangerheim  
M. Sumarokow-Lyons  
Frederick B. Cross  
Alice Moore  
Fulvia Varvaro  
Julia M. Addison  
Gertrude M. Howland  
Frederic C. Smith  
Mary H. Cunningham

Eleanor Park  
Mary Weston  
Woodman  
Elwin Chadbourne  
Sidney D. Gamble  
Hugo Graf

## PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Rosella Woodruff  
Evelyn Tyson  
Davenport Hayward  
Anna M. McKechnie  
Margaret B. Ross  
F. Catherine Douglas  
Faith Simpkins  
H. S. Tierney  
Richard Dana Skinner  
Clarence E. Simonson  
Alma H. Hess  
Elizabeth L. Marshall  
Kendall Bushnell  
Mabel Tenney  
W. Caldwell Webb  
Fairfield Eager Ray-  
mond  
Ender Voorhees  
George Grady, Jr.  
Anna E. Holman  
Bradley L. Caley  
Elizabeth Henry  
Jacky Hayne  
Albert L. Schoff  
Gladys E. Chamberlain  
Hilda C. Foster  
Alice Nielsen  
H. Ernest Bell  
Herbert H. Bell  
Dorothea Holden  
Arthur Drummond  
Willie E. Crocker  
Cora Edith Wellman  
Alice Garland  
Carlota Glasgow  
Leona W. Furbish  
Estabelle Cone  
Joseph Wharton Lip-  
pincott  
Margaret E. Gifford  
William Rothholz  
Elaine Pendleton  
Isadore Douglas  
Stevens Crouse  
Carlotta Welles  
Donald McConaughy

Margaret Fabian  
Dorothy C. Cross  
Alexander B. Morris  
Robert Brust  
Mary Agnes Gold-  
thwaite W.  
Carl Stein  
Earle H. Ballou  
Joseph S. Webb  
Helen Wing  
Constance Helen Par-  
mely  
May H. Peabody  
Harold G. Simpson  
Robert E. Fithian  
Olive Mudie Cooke  
Amy Peabody  
Alfred M. Watts  
Carola Hess  
G. H. Kaemmerling  
Arthur Howe

## PUZZLES 1.

Mary Enid Hatley  
Vera A. Fueslein  
Margaret W. Mandell  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
Doris Hackbusch  
Allene Gates  
Jannette T. Kissel  
Rebecca Chilcott  
Helen Loveland Patch  
Francis M. Weston, Jr.  
Elinor Colby  
Dorothy Hawkins  
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.  
Volant V. Ballard  
Florence Alvarez  
Margaret McKnight

## PUZZLES 2.

Frieda H. Christie  
Pauline Mueller  
R. Maurice Elliott  
Helen Dean Fish  
Julia Musser  
Marian Elizabeth Case  
Helen Hinman  
Augustus Heyne  
Dorothy Carr  
Leah Louise Stock  
Roger Williams  
Carrie Noel Scott



"HOLLYHOCKS." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 16, HONOR MEMBER.

## LEAGUE LETTERS AND NOTES.

We regret to say that "A Heading for September" by Isador Levitt in the September number was a copy from a picture in "Collier's Weekly" by E. Cory Kilvert. The silver badge was not sent.

In future, the winners of gold or cash prizes will be designated as Honor Members.

POINT PLEASANT, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I and a whole lot of other fellows went camping down on Barnegat Bay for one week. The mosquitos were awful. The night we were there we could n't sleep.

We caught fifty weakfish one day. They are great sport. Some of them were two or three pounds apiece. We all fished light fly-rod, and you can imagine what sport it was.

I remain your loving reader,

W. G. SCHAUFFLER, Jr.

SPRINGDALE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The June ST. NICHOLAS came several days ago, and I was both pleased and surprised to find my name on the roll of honor in the League. It encouraged me in hoping that my last contribution might be printed, so I want to tell you something about the subject of my study from animal life.

The little chipmunk was rescued from a watery grave. He was found floating down a mill-race.

Poor, wet, cold, scared little beastie! We made him a nice home, with "modern conveniences," in a large wire bird-cage. For days and days he would have nothing whatever to do with us.

My little sister named him Dan, because he reminded her of "Mrs. Jo's" poor prodigal in his prison cell. Our Dan, however, did not serve out his term quietly and patiently, but took every opportunity to escape, always announcing that he was "out" by a loud chirp, or whistle, like a bird's note. In one of his escapades, our cat, Elijah, chased him into the fire; his whiskers and tail were singed, and his poor little paws badly burnt. His tail had not grown out entirely when I drew his picture.

One morning last winter, when I went to feed him, Dan was loling about on the floor of his cage, looking very much like he might be drunk. At first I thought he must be very sick, but when I found him in the same stupor morning after morning, I realized that he was only taking his sleep. I guess poor Dan thought he was hibernating under difficulties.

All winter long we kept him, and he grew very gentle; but when spring came it seemed cruel to keep him away from the woods. So, one day not long ago, we went to find him a new home. We carried Dan's cage with us, and the minute he smelled the woods he was out of his den and rushing wildly around his cage, trying to find a loose bar. We found a nice hollow tree, put in a store of corn, and opened the door of his cage. He sniffed around a minute, stepped cautiously out on the dead leaves, and in the "twinkling of an eye" disappeared in the dark hole of the tree. Though we have visited his home, we have never seen him since. I hope, however, that his family recognized him after his long absence, and welcomed him back to his old happy life in the woods.

Hoping that Dan's story may interest some League member, I am,

Your sincere friend,

MINNIE GWYN.

HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about camping on the island of Oahu.

After a ride of about twenty-five miles, both in train and stage, over a very interesting part of the island, I arrived at my destination, which was Wahiawa.

I was greeted by a flock of girls, who were very delighted at my coming, and took me away to the gulch, where, seated on trees and rocks, we talked and ate sugar-cane. Finally, after we had talked and talked,—you know how girls talk,—the dinner-bell rang, and we gladly answered it.

The bowls of poi and raw salmon, fixed with different sorts of vegetables, looked most inviting and were eaten with great relish by a hungry traveler like myself. Then came cocoanut pudding and many other Hawaiian dishes, which were very delicious.

After our feast, or *luau*, we sang songs and then retired, as our saying was: "Early to bed and early to rise makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise."

My bed was in a tent under a lahua-tree covered with red blossoms, and sharing it with me were three other girls. I slept on a straw mattress on the ground, with a similar pillow, and one blanket to keep me warm, covered with a mosquito-net. I went to sleep sucking a stick of candy.

I woke before the sun was up, and finding all but one girl slumbering, we dressed, secured a can, and started off to get the milk. After a hearty breakfast we went for a swim in a fresh-water pool, which to reach one had to nearly roll down a very steep ravine.

After this refreshing bath a trip up the mountains was decided on. The carriage took us for some distance, but then we had to leave it, and took the rest of the journey on foot.

On the way back we chopped a good deal of sardalwood, the fragrance of which was delightful, and we also saw a flock of pheasants. And this is the way I spent two weeks of my vacation, living among the mountains and enjoying nature to its fullest extent.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH TRUE.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 62.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 62 will close November 20 (for foreign members November 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Pleasure."

**Prose.** Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some episode in French history.

**Photograph.** Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Distance."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Study from Nature," and a Heading or Tailpiece for February.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle-answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

**Wild Animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square,  
New York.



"NOVEMBER." BY DOROTHY LONGSTRETH, AGE 14.



"A STUDY," BY EMMA MOORE, AGE 7.

## BOOKS AND READING.

### A YOUTHFUL CRITIC.

In this department, not many months ago, an inquiry was made about reading poetry, the idea being to find out from young readers themselves whether they would choose poetry for the mere pleasure it gave them, rather than from a feeling that they *ought* to like it. Several letters replied to the question, describing an enthusiastic love for poetry. In one of these letters occurs the sentence, "I think Tennyson the greatest poet that ever lived."

We have no wish to check young enthusiasm, but we doubt whether the writer, who is thirteen years old, fully understands how much her sentence means. Tennyson, all will admit, ranks high among poets, but is not our little friend somewhat forgetful of the claims of a few others? Perhaps, before putting the English Laureate of Victoria's reign at the head of the class, she might consider more carefully the merits of Homer and Dante, Shakspeare and Milton, Virgil and Chaucer—to name a half-dozen that might be thought worthy of her attention. But the object of naming these neglected worthies is only to point out to the critic that she has not said what she probably meant to say. Did she not mean: "Of all the poetry I read, I like Tennyson's best"? If that was her meaning, she deserves praise for good taste, and not blame for exaggeration.

### "SNOWED UNDER."

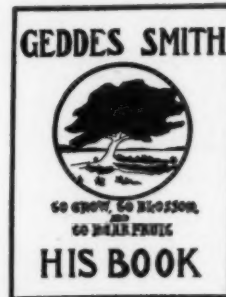
PERHAPS in future ages this period of ours may be known as the "Age of the Printing Press," though ever since printing came into general use, there have been complaints of the deluge of books. We know, at all events, how much there is to read, and how one thing pushes aside another.

Would it not be well to keep a little notebook in which to enter the names of "things we mean to read," so that they will not be snowed under and forgotten? There are so many valuable articles in the magazines that the best of them should not be pushed aside by the new numbers which follow on so quickly.

### A BOY MAKES HIS OWN BOOKPLATE.

We take pleasure in showing the little design here printed, and we hope it will encourage others of the St. NICHOLAS girls and boys to make their own designs for bookplates. The writer of this letter has won a number of prizes in League contests.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you are interested in children's bookplates, I would like to send you mine. I want to say that the idea is not original with me, but I executed it, with my drawing-teacher's help. I had thought of a plate before your article appeared, and that quickened my interest in it; so now I have it.



I am thirteen years old, and have finished my first year in the High School. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS very much. I am very fond of reading, and think Ernest Thompson Seton's books fine. "Rag," and "Molly Cottontail," and "Krag," are among my favorites in his books. I wonder if ST. NICHOLAS readers know of "Eye-Spy," by William Hamilton Gibson, among nature books.

With best wishes for the magazine,

I am, your reader, GEDDES SMITH.

### ANOTHER CORRE- SPONDENT.

INCLOSED in a letter from Maryland comes a little map, drawn to make plain the story, "In a Brazilian Jungle," evidently an account of life not far from Rio de Janeiro. This reminds us to inquire whether our young readers all know what an interesting land is the great South American continent—extending from the very modern civilization of the northern countries to the desert wastes of the Land of Fire—Terra del Fuego. Brazil alone, as some of the stories

and articles in *ST. NICHOLAS* have shown us, has within its enormous territory room for every sort of life and adventure. That big republic has been the subject of many charming books. To name but a few, there are: "The Naturalist on the River Amazon," "A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America" (what boy can resist that tale?), "Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator," "Adventures in Patagonia." A good book to begin with is Carpenter's "South America."

Ought we not to know more of this great neighbor of ours? Perhaps if we knew each other better we should be even better friends, and it would be well to strengthen other ties before we cut the isthmus.

**BOOKS THAT  
ARE NOT YET  
FAMILIAR.**

OUR friends are very kind to suggest lists of books for young people's reading, but we cannot always print these lists with due credit to the senders, because many books named are better known than is realized by the list-makers. It is, therefore, better to give selections. From one letter we copy these:

- |  |                       |
|--|-----------------------|
| "The Middle Five" (Indian life),       | <i>F. La Flesche.</i> |
| "Teens" (girl life),                   | <i>L. Mack.</i>       |
| "Three Girls, and Especially One,"     | <i>M. A. Taggart.</i> |
| "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," | <i>J. L. Fax.</i>     |

The same correspondent mentions some dogs celebrated in literature.

She names Dr. Brown's famous "Rab," Ouida's "Moufflou," Flora Shaw's "Royal" in "Castle Blair" (so warmly praised by Ruskin), "Argus," the dog who died with joy at the return of Ulysses. But she does not mention one of our favorites, the noble "Bob, Son of Battle."

**ENGLISH  
HISTORY.**

WE all study English history. How many of us know what a clear, living knowledge of the life of the people is to be gained by the reading, in proper order, of the historical stories that picture for us every political and social feature of England, from the times of King Arthur to those of Edward VII?

From a very brief list we may select a few suggestions. Beginning with Lainer's "The Boy's King Arthur" or Howard Pyle's "King Arthur and his Knights," we go on to Kingsley's "Hereward," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Bulwer's

"Harold," Doyle's "White Company," Stevenson's "Black Arrow," Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," and, after a few more, come to "Kenilworth" and "Westward Ho!" and "Lorna Doone," Doyle's "Micah Clark," and Thackeray's "Esmond," which brings us to Queen Anne's days.

We should be very glad to have a more thorough and complete list, or information from some friend as to where such a list is to be found. And if the same friend or another can likewise make up a good list to accompany the study of American history, we are sure that our young students will appreciate the favor. School histories cannot spare space to give the little happenings that make history live, and the best pictures of natural life are to be found in good fiction.

But we do not wish lists of books meant especially for young readers. We prefer books that can be read by either young or old—such as Cooper's "Spy," Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," or Hall's "Boys of Scrooby."

**"ON THE FLY."** A YOUNG mother, who was asked what advice she thought would be of use to boys and girls about their reading, said that it seemed to her that there was too much reading by off-hand glances. A boy or girl will grab up (the words are expressive; forgive their inelegance!) any derelict volume that comes in the way, and, opening it at random, will sit down, bolt a paragraph or two, and then run toward the next book, or other object, that promises a moment's interest. It is hardly necessary to say that such reading must do more harm than good, no matter what book happens to be chosen.

There is another habit that may be here spoken of, since it arises from the same uneasy curiosity and restlessness. This is the habit of always reading whenever one has nothing else to do; that is, of never sitting simply quiet. Reading is not thinking, and thinking is quite as valuable. If you never operate your mind except in grooves provided for it, you will weaken your powers of thinking. Sit quietly, and let your mind exercise its powers on material of its own choosing.

You may find that your own mind is not so bad a story-teller after all.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALL readers of ST. NICHOLAS, we are sure, will welcome the news that, beginning with this number, illustrations in color are to appear, every month, throughout the new volume—and it would be difficult to find better subjects for color pictures, both from the artistic and the humorous point of view, than are afforded by Mr. L. Frank Baum's delightful story, "Queen Zixi of Ix." We may be pardoned, therefore, for calling especial attention to this fine serial, which will win the heart of every boy and girl who reads it, and also to the beautiful and clever drawings by Mr. Fred Richardson, which will enhance the charm of the story for young and old.

But we must not forget the other serials which begin in this number, for each of these is an important addition to the practical knowledge which ST. NICHOLAS offers to eager young minds. Mr. Caffin's admirable series "How to Study Pictures" is a new departure in inspiring a love of art, and is a genuine revelation in its clear and vivid way of presenting the facts about the world's greatest artists and their works. It is intended, of course, only for the older boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS; but these talks about great artists and how to study pictures are very simple and clear, and no one old enough to understand them is likely to forget them or to miss a single one of the whole delightful series. It is only fair to the author to say, also, that the ST. NICHOLAS

articles, while forming in themselves a connected set of papers, are only selected chapters from a book by Mr. Caffin to appear next year, which will contain twice as many chapters as ST. NICHOLAS is able to make room for in its crowded pages.

The third serial, "The Practical Boy," also deserves to be heartily commended to all boys who love to make things with their own hands. The article on page 42 of this number has attempted merely to point out some of the simpler forms of carpenter-work that a "beginner" can attempt with good reason to believe that he will produce something worth while. The few samples given are, of course, but a small part of the things a wide-awake boy will think of and wish to make. The principles involved in these examples will apply to scores of other common household objects.

And in the prospectus in the front advertising pages of this number will be found a list of some of the other subjects included in this handicraft series.

We bespeak for the prospectus pages, indeed, the careful attention of all friends and readers of the magazine, as this preliminary announcement sets forth, in a general way, something of the rich store of attractive contributions that ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls may count upon during the next twelve months.



A FOOT-BALL SCRIMMAGE. THREE HEADS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.



**ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

This differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-nine letters, is a proverb which should be heeded by spendthrifts.

**A NOVEL ZIGZAG.**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Not transparent. 2. To receive with favor. 3. Vagabonds. 4. Merry. 5. Sprightly. 6. Delicate. 7. The name of a country which is now at war.

The zigzag (indicated by stars) spells the name of a month; the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 9 spell the name of a country which is the seat of war; the letters indicated by the figures from 10 to 14 spell the name of a country which is now at war.

EDITH PRINDEVILLE.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

My primals spell the name of a famous author; my finals, one of his works.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Strife. 2. Era. 3. Conducted. 4. A common game. 5. Period. 6. The first syllable of a vegetable sometimes used medicinally. 7. To transgress. 8. A little bed. 9. To lubricate. 10. A common article. 11. A small child.

ETHEL PAINE (League Member).

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. An upright, four-sided pillar, usually covered with hieroglyphic writing. 2. A cupboard intended to contain articles of value. 3. A fox-

hunting term meaning "swiftly." 4. Slanting. 5. Radiant. 6. Thrift. 7. Pertaining to the root.

The initial letters, reading downward, spell the name of a month; the letters indicated by the numbers from 1 to 12 spell a pleasant season.

WALTER L. DREYFUSS.

**DIAGONAL.**

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a popular machine.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An aquatic sport. 2. Walton's favorite pastime. 3. A painting. 4. An important city. 5. A supernatural event. 6. To maim. 7. A famous novel.

MINTON M. WARREN (League Member).

**CONNECTED SQUARES.**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Contends. 2. The century-plant. 3. A mark used by writers to show that something is interlined above. 4. To overthrow. 5. A contest in boxing.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Possessor. 2. To interlace. 3. Pertaining to the nose. 4. To elude. 5. To rent again.

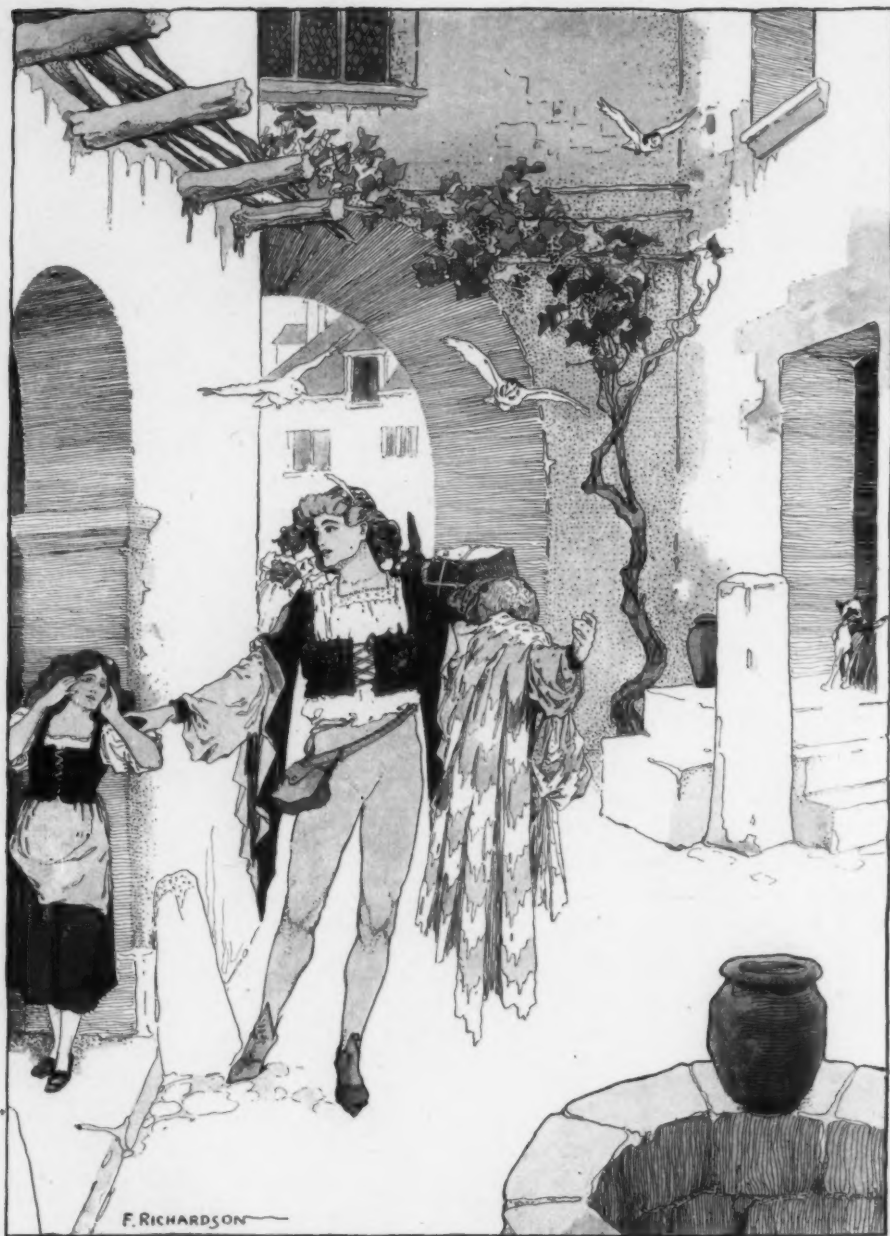
III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To happen. 2. Source. 3. Pertaining to Cuba. 4. Custom. 5. To rejuvenate.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To shelter. 2. A fruit. 3. A cross woman. 4. Occurrence. 5. Hires.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Desires. 2. Concerning. 3. Exalted. 4. A brilliant flower. 5. Degrees.

ZENO N. KENT.





"OVER THE YOUTH'S ARM LAY FOLDED THE MAGIC CLOAK."